

THE
CONNECTICUT MAGAZINE.

AND
GENTLEMAN'S AND LADY'S

Monthly Museum.

No. 6.

FOR JUNE, 1801.

Vol. 1.

C O N T E N T S.

	Page.		Page.
Persian Wheel	319	Ignorance of the Neopolitan	
On floating lands	320	Peasantry	335
Anecdote of Gassendi	322	Ruins of St. Oswald	337, 356
Spanish Wool	328	Curious account of the Ice	
Curious account of the cus-		Fox	346
tom's of the Italians	326	Satirical letter	343
Flax plant of New Zealand	332	Modern infidelity	350
Character of the Welch	333	Retrospect of the eighteenth	
		century	351

*Embellished with a descriptive plate of the Persian Wheel,
for Floating Meadows.*

B R I D G E P O R T :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY L. BEACH & S. THOMPSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, PATRONS AND READERS.

IN order to complete the "Ruins of St. Oswald" in this volume, we have been under the necessity of postponing the publication of many pieces intended for this number. To gratify our female readers, who were anxious to have the story finished, we have deviated a little from our original plan,

WE could not obtain a complete list of subscribers names, in season for publication in this volume.

ERRATA.

No. 5 page 361, in the 4th line of the life and character of John Adams, Esq. for 1755 read 1735.

INDEX TO VOLUME FIRST.

	page.		page.
A		Cosmetics	
ADDRESS to the Public	2	Character &c. of the Pea-	273
— Commemorative		santry in the northern	
of the virtues of Gen.		parts of Zealand	280
Washington	5,—73	Consideration on tales	299
Agriculture &c. of China	17	Cook, Capt. James, life of	131
Abbey, a Poem	44	Cutting, Margaret, Extraor-	
Antiquity of the Guillotine	70	dinary case of	71
America, History of	87	Curious letter	343
Alkalies the great antidote			
of poison	120	D	
Agriculture, observations		Danbury, History of	94
on	120	Debate, on the Mausoleum	
Ancient Welch Economy	168	bill	110
Antoine L. Lavoisier, life of	203	Dutch blue, called turnsol	148
Anecdotes of Jewish Hus-		Doctor Waterhouse's let-	
bandry	211	ter on the cow-pox	267
Account of new publica-		Deaths 64, 125, 191, 258, 321	
tions	251	E	
Adams, John, Life of	261	Estimates for 1801	121
B		Essay on Cruelty	154
Beds, anecdotes of	33	Elegiac Ode	171
Black hole, at Calcutta	37	Extract from Weld's trav-	
Burns, lines by	164	els	274
Bishop Watson, extract		Earthquakes	62 190
from	137	Epigrams	310
Book-keeping, importance		Essays after the manner of	
of	300	Goldsmith	344
C		F	
Cochineal, origin of	15	Fresnoy, extract from	102
China, account of	17	Fine Arts	55, 113
Chatterton's resignation	43	Fruit trees	123
Choice of a wife	44	Fecundity of vegetables	141
Cowper, verses by	45	Female dress	163
Congress, proceedings of		Flood	190
	47, 105 311	Female dress in the 13th &c.	
Character of the late Gov.		centuries	227
Trumbull	67	Farmer, independant, a Po-	
Cruel Russian Punishment	72	em	238
Castles in the air	104	Friendship, vanity of	307
Commissioners, report of	106	Foreign intelligence	256, 314
Cure for the Cancer	123	Flax plant of New Zealand	323
Churn, new invented, de-		Floating lands	
scription of	195	G	
Castor oil made in N. Y.	200	Griselides, a tale	24, 314
Cave, Edward, life of	201	Gunpowder, made in Egypt	29
Character of the French	207	Guillotine, antiquity of	70

I N D E X.

	page.		page.
H		P	
Helms' travels in Peru	9, 74	Perpetual Sea log	244
Herbert to his mind	103	President's Speech	49
Hartlib's observations	143	Peach trees to preserve	243
Hermit, a fable	172	Purse Pride	298
Hymn to God	242	Poor Margurite	179
Henry's letter to Dr. Mitchell	253	R	
Historical Chronicle	161, 256	Resignation, by Chatterton	43
Highland Robbets	232	Russian Punishment, cruel	72
Halo, account of	134	Receipt for Romances	103
Horse that travelled	134	Remarkable instance of the failure of volition	153
I		Recollection, a Poem	176
Ill-fated families	35	Robbers, Highland	232
Immortality of the soul	292	Raisiac, a poem	309
Italians, customs of	326	Retrospect of the 18th century	351
Indians, manners and customs of	157	Ruins of St. Oswald	337 356
L		S	
London Bridge	170	Sonnet	45
Longevity	64, 191	St. Oswald, ruins of	149, &c.
Latitudinarian	221	Solitude, thoughts on	224
Letter from Lord Littleton	265	Spanish Wool	328
M		Sea Fox account of	346
Medicine &c.	45	Song	308
Marriages	64, 124, 191, 258 321	Smollet Dr. letter from	193
Matrimonial Anecdote	200	T	
Method of preserving wheat from smut	235	Tour in New-England	12, 80
Modern infidelity	350	Tarakanoff, History of	29
Manners, &c. of Zealanders	280	Tales, consideration on	299
Morning	307	Trumbull, late Gov. life of	67
N		N	
Natural Phenomena	55, 111	Verses by Dr. Johnson	42
New Travels	115	—by Cowper	45
Names, Origin of	169	Volition, failure of	153
Nursing Children	271	Vindication of Calvin	164
Natural History	208	Variety, thoughts on	295
Neapolitan Peasantry	335	Vanity of Friendship	307
O		W	
Ode to the five senses	103	Walpoliana	40, 100
Oswald St. Ruins of	149, 212, 207, 337, 356	Wintry day	43
Ode to Contentment	173	Winter	102
Ode to spring	174	Wheat Machine	119
		William's Miss, narrative	144
		Welch Economy	166
		Welds travels, extract from	275
		Waterhouse's Dr. letter	267

EXTRACT FROM A PAMPHLET BY T. WRIGHT, ON THE ART
OF FLOATING LAND.

THE

Connecticut Magazine.

JUNE 1801.

THE PERSIAN WHEEL FOR FLOATING MEADOWS.

(With a descriptive plate.)

THIS wheel may be made like any common under-shot wheel; and each float might be a bucket (if there is a sufficient force of water) if not, a part only should be used. The water coming against the back of the buckets keep it in motion; and as they rise, the hollow part takes up the water, and retains it, as (a) in the plate. The line there marks the level of the water. The float (b), being horizontal, can loose none: and the next, though it begins to flow toward the centre of the wheel, does not yet lose any, as the apperture for the discharge of it is above its then level: but when it comes to (c), the water runs out into the reservior (d), and continues so to do, as long as any remains in the bucket. From this reservior, troughs, on tressels, as (e) may convey it to any part near the height of the reservoir.

At (f g) the front and side of the bucket, in the former, is shewn. The opening (h), takes in the water as the wheel goes round, which, when sufficiently elevated, discharges it at a lip (k) into the reservoir; and placing the board (i) a little slanting, the water will all run out before the float has passed the reservoir.

EXTRACT FROM A PAMPHLET BY T. WRIGHT, ON THE ART OF FLOATING LAND.

As the improvement to be derived, from floating Land, can seldom be completed without considerable expence, we are glad to give our readers a statement, which proves the ample remuneration of the adventurous innovator. The necessary minutiae of detail in this beneficial practice, will be found succinctly elucidated in the pamphlet, to which we safely refer our agricultural readers.

SPECIMEN OF THE ADVANTAGES OF FLOATING.

ON the advantages of floating, I hope it is no longer necessary to expatiate; but I have lately met so pregnant an instance of its superior excellence, that I should by no means do justice to the subject if I withheld it from the public. It is an instance, which tends to place the most engaging feature of this practice in a striking point of view, and gives to the production of early green food its proper weight and worth. Indeed the most valuable, and I had almost said, the only improvements of magnitude that have of late years been made, here, in agriculture, have been in the various provisions of green food, afforded for the necessity of winter, and for the more pressing wants of the two first months of spring. In this series of improvements, I beg leave to class this relative art, which, though it cannot, in every situation, be so widely extended as the cultivation of turnips, rape, cabbage, lucerne, &c. yet, where it can be fully executed, it will in no wise disgrace the relationship in which I have placed it, but will afford it abundant aid and support. For floated meadows not only require no manure from the farm yard, but liberally encourage the plough, by affording an annual extra supply of manure: and although by this practice, the farmer cannot provide green food for all the months of winter, yet he can, thereby, considerably shorten the wintry void; for, in March and April, which are the two most trying months to the farmer, these meadows are covered with grass enough to receive any kind of stock, if the weather will permit.

The strong proof of the great utility of this practice, which, I above allude to, is this. Having heard that the proprietor of an old floated meadow, in the village which I have had occasion to mention before, had disposed of the produce of it, in the year 1795, in a way that was well calculated to ascertain its real value, I wrote to a person who resides on the spot, requesting him to send me a particular account of the product of the meadow, and I received the following statement.

In order to make the most of the spring feed, the proprietor kept the grass untouched till the second day of April, from which

time, he let it to the neighbouring farmers, to be eaten off in five weeks, by the undermentioned stock, at the following rates per head: a sheep 10d. per week, a cow 3s. 6d. a colt 4s. The quantity of the land is eight acres.

	£.	s.	d.
107 Weather sheep, one week	4	9	2
8 Cows - ditto	1	8	0
4 Colts - ditto	0	16	0
	6	13	2
			5
Total of five weeks	33	5	10
3 Colts, 3 weeks to be added -	1	16	0
Total	35	1	10

After this statement, my correspondent, sensible that it is this spring crop which principally claims the attention of the public, and on which I ought to lay peculiar stress in recommending the practice, dismisses the subject with saying, that the hay crop was as usual, about fifteen tons, and was six weeks in growing.

The above sum, it should be observed, was made by the owner of this meadow, at a time when other grass-land is in a dormant state, or exhibits but feeble symptoms of vegetation. He had received more than four pounds an acre for his land, when his less fortunate neighbours were only looking forward to two future crops, in which expectation he has at least an equal prospect with them.

But the reader will perhaps see the advantages of this art in a still stronger light, when he is told that this meadow, which is now in the occupation of a miller, was, a few years ago, in the hands of a farmer, who, being at variance with the miller, was entirely deprived of the use of the water for a whole winter, which unfortunately was succeeded by a very dry spring and summer; of course the spring-feed was lost, and the whole hay-crop of eight acres was only three tons.

Such a specimen of productiveness as the above, one would hope, will carry sufficient weight with it, to turn the scale against any objections to the practice, arising from a dread of expence, or from an aversion which many entertain to, what they style cutting their land to pieces: and will prevail upon every one, who possibly can, to adopt this mode of improving his land. I trust, likewise, that the above instance of fertility will be esteemed a proof that this is not merely book-farming, but is worthy the attention of real practical farmers; and in confirmation of this, I could adduce several instances of renters of land, having profitably expended several hundred pounds in forming meadows of this kind, without any allowance from their landlords; than which, a more clear demonstration of the great utility of floating, in my opinion, cannot be given.

ANECDOTE OF GASSENDI.

AS this great philosopher was one day taking his morning's walk near Digne in Provence, his ears were assailed by repeated exclamations of 'A sorcerer, a sorcerer!' On looking behind him he beheld a man with his hands tied, whom a mob of peasants were hurrying to prison. On observing the man whom they were thus treating, he saw him a person of mean appearance and of great simplicity of character. He desired them to leave him alone with him, with which they immediately complied, as the virtues no less than the learning of Gassendi had given him great authority with them. 'My friend,' said he to the sorcerer, when he was alone with him, 'you must own to me ingeniously whether you have made a compact with the devil or no. If you confess it, I will give you your liberty immediately; but if you refuse to tell me, I will give you up directly into the hands of the magistrate.'—'Sir,' replied the poor peasant I will own to you that I go every day to an assembly of wizzards; one of my friends has given me a drug which I take to effect this, and I have been received a sorcerer among them now for these three years.' He then informed Gassendi in the manner he was received by them, and spoke of the different devils that met there, as if he had been all his life acquainted with them.—'Show me then,' said the philosopher, 'the drug which you take when you attend this infernal assembly, for I intend to right to go there with you.'—'As you please, sir,' replied the peasant; 'I will take you there as soon as the clock has struck twelve to-night.'

The peasant met Gassendi at the hour appointed, gave him an opiate of the size of a walnut, and desired him to swallow it after he had seen him do the same. This Gassendi pretended to do, and they lay down together upon a goat skin. The peasant soon fell asleep, and appeared much agitated in his slumbers, writhing and twisting his body about as if he had been disturbed by bad dreams. He slept for five or six hours, and on waking, said to Gassendi, 'You, I am sure, ought to be well satisfied with the manner in which the great goat received you. It was a very considerable honour he conferred upon you, to permit you to kiss his tail the first time he ever saw you.'

'Gassendi,' adds the relater of this singular adventure, 'moved with compassion at the situation of the poor man, endeavored to convince him of his error. He took the opiate and gave it to a dog, who very soon fell asleep with great convulsions. The peasant was set at liberty, and very probably undeceived those of his brethren who had believed in the same imposture.'

SPANISH WOOL.

WE have just received a new and curious work on Spanish Wool, published by P. LASTERIE, of the Society of Agriculture, and of the Philomathic Society of Paris, which contains so much original and satisfactory information on this very important subject, that we cannot resist the wish to lay the substance of it before our readers.

This valuable publication contains the result of the author's researches during his tour through Spain; undertaken expressly for the purpose of making himself acquainted with all the different branches of rural economy which relate to this subject.

It appears from the authorities of Strabo and Pliny, that Spain produced fine wool in very antient times; and that if the races of sheep degenerated in the sequel, their melioration was effected by the industry of the Moors.

In general, "the Spanish shepherds," as the author observes, "follow the practices, good or bad, which have been transmitted from the father to son."

The following passage explains a method practised by the shepherds of the travelling flocks, as conducive to the beauty of the wool, but which, we imagine, will hardly be followed by the industrious cultivator in other countries. "In the itinerating flocks," says our author, "they generally destroy half the lambs at their birth, or sometimes three-fourths and more, when the season is bad, and the pastures fail. The males are always sacrificed first; care, however, being taken to preserve the number requisite for propagating the flock. Thus the species is destroyed, to have wool in greater abundance, and of better quality. A mother which should nourish her lamb alone, would suffer by it, as they pretend, and turn out less profitable in wool.

The number of lambs killed is sometimes so great, that the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, who come to buy them for their own consumption, or to sell them elsewhere, pay only ten *centimes* a piece. The skins are commonly sold at a uniform price; they pass into Portugal, where the English buy them to make gloves. Morning-gowns are occasionally made of these skins, which are reckoned very handsome and very light. The wool is short and silky, forming a multitude of little rings or curls next to the skin. The Spanish shepherds make use of them for their own clothes.

The author next details the method practised by the inhabitants of Bucharria and the Ukraine, to give a greater lustre and value to the skins of their lambs, and to obtain those fine furs so much in request in the northern parts of Europe and Asia. He is of opinion, that valuable furs might be, in like manner, procur-

ed in other countries, by employing the same process on lambs of the Spanish race.

The Spanish shepherds make use of a singular stratagem to engage the sheep to suckle the lambs, which are not their own. "When the travelling shepherds have killed a lamb, they flea it, and apply its skin to the body of another new-laid lamb, which is already fed by its mother: they bring it in this state, to the sheep that has lost her lamb, and which lets herself be sucked, thinking she has found it again. In the evening, when the sheep return from pasture, they again commence the same operation; and the next day the lambs recognize of themselves, the mothers that are assigned them. Some sheep perceive the fraud, and absolutely refuse standing to be sucked. In that case, they are tied by the leg to a post; which renders them more tractable.

The author here takes notice of a custom which generally prevails in Spain of giving salt to sheep, under the notion that this substance contributes, not only to their health, but likewise to the beauty of their wool.

The mountains which cross Spain in different directions, yield abundant pasturage to the flocks, at a time when the plains are scorched by the beams of a burning sun. A desire to profit by this circumstance, first led the inhabitants, according to our author, to make their itinerating expeditions.

The invasion and the ravages of the Visigoths, the long and cruel wars which the Spaniards had to maintain against the Moors, increased the number of travelling sheep, by ruining agriculture, and diminishing the population: these are other causes which gave rise to their journies.

Here follows the manner in which Citizen Lasterie depicts the character and kind of life of the shepherds: "The Spanish shepherd adheres to the character of his nation; he is frank, loyal, and sincere. Living almost habitually sequestered from the society of men, he has not contracted the vices which degrade the mind and corrupt the heart. If education has not given him shining qualities, nature has made him ample amends by shewing him the road to happiness; tranquil in the country, he wanders with his flocks and experiences no other wants than those which he can satisfy. If he is deprived of the enjoyments which luxury and effeminacy bestow, the troubles and evils which are inseparable from them never intrude to disturb his felicity."

"The hard life which these shepherds lead, has its attractions for them. They are never known to quit their profession even for a more lucrative one. When they travel, they sleep on the ground, wrapped up in their cloaks, and thus brave the rain and cold. In the places where they halt, they construct cabbins with branches of trees, and live on bread seasoned with oil or grease; they sometimes eat their old sheep or such as die of fatigue: a piece of bacon is a regale for them."

The author then investigates the different operations of shear-

ing; he describes the Spanish wash-houses, and the process of washing the wool. "It would be more advantageous," he observes, "in France, to wash in the Spanish manner than to do it on the back. This last process is longer and more expensive." To facilitate the understanding of the operation, he has inserted in his work and engraved plan, with the dimension of a wash-house at Segovia, which he designed on the spot.

In the part where he treats of the wool, and of the manufacture of cloth, he properly remarks the pre-eminence of wool over every other substance adopted for the clothing of man. "If," he proceeds, "there be any branch of rural œconomy," which particularly calls for the encouragement of governments, the rearing of sheep certainly merits that favour, as it contributes so powerfully to the amelioration of agriculture, and to the progress of industry."

"It would be an error," it seems, "to suppose that all the Spanish sheep yield wool equally fine with that of the *Merinos*; this advantage is possessed solely by that valuable race; the others produce wool more or less coarse; so that all the different kinds of wool, are to be found in Spain."

The author afterwards makes some political reflections on the reason why Spain, which has hitherto enjoyed almost exclusively the property of fine wool, has never been able, by the perfection of her manufactories, to draw all the advantages from it, which nature offers. This he imputes to the feebleness and despotism of the Spanish government; the prevalence of the feudal system; the vast territorial possessions; the vices of the agrarian laws; the influence of the monks and the inquisitions; and to the existence of a tribunal called the *Mesta*; "an institution," says the author, "as barbarous and fatal in politics, as the inquisition is in matters of religion: the one invades property without remorse, and the other violates conscience with impunity."

The chief manufactories of cloth in Spain, are established at Segovia, and at Guadalaxara; this last is, in fact, the largest in Europe, and occupies the most considerable number of workmen. It is here principally that the fine cloths of Vigogna are fabricated.

This part of the work is terminated, by some vaticinatory reflections, on the approaching ruin of the commerce of fine wool in Spain. France, England, Germany, and Sweden, have already made attempts to naturalize Spanish sheep and their efforts have been crowned with success. "It is probable therefore, that the moment is not far distant, when that nation (Spain) will lose the considerable benefits she has hitherto derived from the commerce of fine wool; happy if she can maintain even a competition for it."

In one chapter, the author makes it his particular business, to shew that the journeys of the flocks are not necessary to produce fine wool, and that they are in fact one of the principal causes of

the low state of agriculture in Spain. He thus terminates this chapter,—“After what I have said on the different causes which occur to the production of fine wool, I think it is demonstrable, that breeds of sheep with fine wool, may be reared, wherever there exist industrious men, and cultivators.”

Among other curious details in this agreeable and interesting work, is an historic notice of the establishment of Rambouillet, (a town in the department of Seine and Oise) and of the present state of the flock there; which is all Spanish or of Spanish extraction.

One chapter is devoted to the journies made by the sheep of the department of the mouths of the Rhone.

An account is likewise given of the journeys of the travelling sheep of Abruzzo and Apulia, where the practice of itinerating was followed, in the time of the Roman Republic; this custom has been regularly transmitted from age to age, down to our days. This part of the work treats likewise of the regimen, to which travelling sheep are subjected; together with the quality of their wool, the shearing, the milking, the roads or tracks reserved for the sheep; the places where they pasture; the fiscal rights; and lastly, of the influence of travelling on agriculture and population.

Lastly, the author, to omit nothing of what might complete his work, terminates it by an “instruction on the properest means to secure the propagation of sheep of the Spanish race, and to maintain this race in all its purity;” originally published by the *Bureau d'Agriculture* of the French Government, &c.

Citizen Lasterie, after having already visited England, Italy, and Spain, in quality of an observer, is now, it seems, “directing his travels towards Denmark and Sweden, to extend the sphere of useful knowledge in those countries.”

OF THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE ITALIANS.

(From the United Accounts of all the Modern TRAVELLERS.)

THE number of the king of Sardinia's subjects is estimated at two millions three hundred thousand. It appears by the most authentic accounts, that Milan itself contains three hundred thousand, and the whole duchy is populous in proportion.

The abbe Dupaty, in his travels through Italy in 1785, informs us, that the population of the kingdom of Naples, in the inhabited parts, is prodigious; this arises from the extraordinary fecundity of its climate, its soil, its sea, and the manners of the

country. Men live there at a small expence ; they live on little, and a long time. The heat of the climate has a singular tendency to blunt the appetite : and, if it whets the thirst, it multiplies at the same time the means of satisfying it : the Apenines quench the thirst of the Neapolitans with their snows ; the sea nourishes them with its fish ; the ashes of Vesuvius with fruits and corn ; and the climate clothes them. They live on little, for they have no labour, and much sleep : temperance and repose lengthen life at Naples in a remarkable manner.

Dr. Moore informs us that the number of inhabitants at Naples is computed at three hundred and fifty thousand *Moore's Tr.* iii. 128.

Mr. Addison, who visited this country much more than half a century ago, has the following remark in his travels, which perfectly corresponds with the observation of the abbe Dupaty : it is certainly very lucky for the poorer sort, to be born in a place that is free from the greatest inconvenience to which those of our northern nations are subject ; and indeed, without this natural benefit of their climates, the extreme misery and poverty that are in most of the Italian governments would be insupportable.

Geographers and travellers have been silent with regard to the number of inhabitants in the different states of Italy, and inform us only from conjecture of the population of the great cities. Doubts have arisen among the learned, whether Italy is as populous now, as it was in the days of Pliny, when it contained fourteen millions of persons ; but the prevailing opinion is, that the present inhabitants exceed that number. The Campana di Roma, and some other of the most beautiful parts of Italy, are now indeed in a manner desolate ; but it should be considered that the modern Italians are in a great measure free from the unremitting wars, and transmigration of colonies, which formerly depopulated their country. It should also be remembered, that the princes and states of Italy now encourage agriculture and manufactures of all kinds, by which population is certainly promoted : it will not therefore exceed the bounds of moderation, to suppose that Italy has at present twenty millions of inhabitants.

The ancient inhabitants of Italy were the triumphant conquerors and rulers of the world. Now the softer arts have taken place, and form the chief employment of the modern natives. Painting indeed, was introduced at Rome by Caius Fabius, in the consulship of Lucius Denter and Æmilius Paulus, and arrived to a considerable degree of perfection before the time of Augustus ; but, a corrupt taste soon after prevailing, the polite arts were obliterated, and sunk gradually into oblivion. After the decline of the Roman empire, painting revisited this country ; and the masters who excelled in that art, long maintained an unrivalled reputation. Whether the first Greek painters came to Bologna, Flo-

rence, or any other city, has been warmly disputed by Vesari and Malvasio.

The first painters who distinguished themselves were, in general statuaries and architects also. The modern improvements made by the Italians, belong rather to the history of that art. The Italians have maintained their superior character for statuary, ever since they were first instructed in it by the Greeks; being no less admirable for their judicious manner of flattering, than for their nice correctness, and strict adherence to truth. The masters, and their works, are held in the highest estimation in every part of Europe. The very name of an Italian piece is often a sufficient recommendation. Almost every city has an academy of sculpture, and some places more particularly distinguish themselves for excelling in certain branches of that art. The Italians have also distinguished themselves in architecture; but they are accused of being too lavish of their ornaments, and of neglecting the established rules. In their compositions of music, they are allowed to be unrivalled; and their vocal and instrumental performers in that science, are also superior to those of any other country.

For the following account of the persons, deportment, and disposition of the Italians, we are indebted to the ingenious and accurate Dr. Moore:

In their external deportment, the Italians have a grave solemnity of manner, which is sometimes thought to arise from a natural gloominess of disposition. The French, above all other nations, are apt to impute to melancholy the sedate serious air which accompanies reflection.

Though in the pulpit, on the theatre, and even in common conversation, the Italians make use of a great deal of action; yet Italian vivacity is different from French; the former proceeds from sensibility, the latter from animal spirits.

The inhabitants of this country have not the brisk look, and elastic trip, which is universal in France; they move rather with a slow composed pace: their spines, never having been forced into a straight line, retain the natural bend; and the people of the most finished fashion, as well as the neglected vulgar, seem to prefer the unconstrained attitude of the Antinous, and other antique statues, to the artificial graces of a French dancing-master, or the erect strut of a German soldier. I imagine I perceive a great resemblance between many of the living countenances I see daily, and the features of ancient busts and statues; which lead me to believe, that there are a greater number of genuine descendants of the old Romans in Italy, than is generally imagined.

I am often struck with the fine character of countenance to be seen in the streets of Rome. I never saw features more expressive of reflection, sense, and genius; in the very lowest ranks there are countenances which announce minds fit for the high,

est and most important situations ; and we cannot help regretting, that those to whom they belong, have not received an education adequate to the natural abilities we are convinced they possess, and placed where these abilities could be brought into action.

Strangers, on their arrival at Rome, form no high idea of the beauty of the Roman women, from the specimens they see in the fashionable circles to which they are first introduced. There are some exceptions; but in general it must be acknowledged, that the present race of women of high rank, are more distinguished by their other ornaments, than by their beauty. Among the citizens, however, and in the lower classes, you frequently meet with the most beautiful countenance. For a brilliant red and white, and all the charms of complexion, no women are equal to the English. If a hundred, or any greater number of English women were taken at random, and compared with the same number of the wives and daughters of the citizens of Rome, I am convinced, that ninety of the English would be found handsomer than ninety of the Romans ; but the probability is, that two or three in the hundred Italians would have finer countenances than any of the English. English beauty is more remarkable in the country, than in towns ; the peasantry of no country in Europe can stand a comparison, in point of looks, with those of England. That race of people have the conveniences of life in no other country in such perfection ; they are no where so well fed, so well defended from the injuries of the seasons : and no where else do they keep themselves so perfectly clean, and free from all the vilifying effects of dirt. The English country girls, taken collectively, are, unquestionably, the handsomest in the world. The female peasants of most other countries, indeed, are so hard-worked, so ill fed, so much tanned by the sun, and so dirty, that it is difficult to know whether they have any beauty or not. Yet I have been informed, by some amateurs, since I came here, that, in spite of all these disadvantages, they sometimes find, among the Italian peasantry, countenances highly interesting, and which they prefer to all the cherry cheeks of Lancashire.

Beauty, doubtless, is infinitely varied ; and happily for mankind, their tastes and opinions, on the subject, are equally various. Notwithstanding this variety, however, a style of face, in some measure peculiar to its own inhabitants, has been found to prevail in each different nation of Europe. This peculiar countenance is again greatly varied, and marked with every degree of discrimination between the extremes of beauty and ugliness. I will give you a sketch of the general style of the most beautiful female heads in this country.

A great profusion of dark hair, which seems to encroach upon the forehead, rendering it short and narrow ; the nose generally either aquiline, or continued in a straight line from the lower part of the brow ; a full and short upper lip : by the way, nothing

has a worse effect on a countenance than a large interval between the nose and mouth; the eyes are large, and of a sparkling black. The black eye certainly labours under one disadvantage, which is, that, from the iris and pupil being of the same colour, the contraction and dilatation of the latter is not seen, by which the eye is abridged of half its powers. Yet the Italian eye is wonderfully expressive: some people think it says too much. The complexion, for the most part is of a clear brown, sometimes fair, but very seldom florid, or of that bright fairness which is common in England and Saxony. It must be owned, that those features which have a fine expression of sentiment and meaning in youth, are more apt, than less expressive faces, to become soon strong and masculine. In England and Germany, the women, a little advanced in life, retain the appearance of youth longer than in Italy.

With countenances so favourable for the pencil, you will naturally imagine, that portrait-painting is in the highest perfection here. The reverse, however, of this is true; that branch of the art is in the lowest estimation all over Italy. In palaces, the best furnished with pictures, you seldom see a portrait of the proprietor. *Moore's Tr.* ii. 63.

The abbe Dupaty, in his travels through this country in 1785, does not perfectly agree with Dr. Moore in his description of Italian ladies. This cannot be matter of surprize, as the ideas of beauty are different in different men. Every one judges from his own conceptions. In many particulars, however, the two authors are of one opinion.

Beauty, says that pleasing and animated writer the abbe Dupaty, is rare here, as it is every where else. Nature here in the composition of women, is often deficient in that charming combination of colours and form which the eye of man demands when it contemplates the softer sex.

Nature seldom attains beauty here except in the outlines of the countenance, and the hand. She gives a rough sketch of the shape, but seldom finishes: the bosom and the foot especially escape her. Nor indeed does she form, with equal beauty, every species of flower, in every country in the world.

She is said however, to compensate for this negligence, or want of industry, with respect to the Roman women, by the perfection of their shoulders; but I am in reality of opinion, that if the shoulders of the Roman women appear more beautiful, it is because they are more seen: possibly too the *embonpoint* that begins to take place very early, contributes to embellish them.

Be this as it may, Nature could not place more happily, nor accord with more effect, the forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, ears, and neck, than in the Roman women; she could not possibly employ purer, softer, or more correct forms; all the distinct parts are finished, and the whole is complete. How charming a complexion! It is impregnated with roses and with lillies.

What carnation ! You would think that fair one perpetually blushing.

A fine Roman head never fails to astonish, and, taken all together, affects the heart : its beauties are perceived at the first glance, and the slightest recollection brings it full into the memory.

But, as every excellency in this world is counterbalanced by its defects ; if a Roman woman receives from Nature that beauty which astonishes and excites admiration, she does not obtain from her that grace which charms and inspires love. If she possesses those never-failing attractions which form, of a fine woman, but one beauty, she is wanting in those fugitive graces, which, of one amiable person, form twenty. You may contemplate that countenance a whole day in vain, those fine eyes will have only one look, that pretty mouth only one smile ; never will you discover either pain or pleasure passing over that unvaried brow ; nor those accomplished features gently undulating, like water, by the insensible motion of a tender sentiment, or a delicate idea.

It may be observed, indeed, that it is difficult for a woman of much sensibility to be perfectly handsome. Sensibility necessarily deranges, by its delicate motions, the proportions of the face ; but, then, it substitutes features expressive of mind, for beauty.

Nothing is more rare than to meet with a face here that moves or interests ; that bespeaks a soul.

But what lovely hands ! and beautiful hands are indeed a beauty, they are so rare !

Beauty, among the Roman women, fades very rapidly, and at once. Here it is a rose without a bud. A Roman girl of fifteen, is in full beauty ; and as she does not cultivate it by any exercise, as she overwhelms it with sleep, and takes no method to preserve it, her features are soon surcharged with too great plumpness, and her whole form becomes disproportioned : but it is to this very indolence, which, in so short a time, will disguise all the delicacy of her face, that she is indebted for those handsome shoulders which she displays to view with so much pride.

There is another reason why the beauty of the Roman women decays so rapidly : it is always kept shut up : it is always in the shade. The bud of beauty, like other flowers, requires the rays of the sun.

I must say a word or two of the voice of the Roman women ; for the voice is an essential part of the sex. That of the Roman women, like their faces, is fine, but it has no soul : it expresses, at times, the bursts of passion, but hardly ever its true accents. Let a Roman woman, in short, sing before you, her voice will not originate from her heart, nor will it expire in yours.

There are exceptions, however, among the Roman ladies, to

all I have been saying. I am myself acquainted with at least three: Theresa, Rosalinda, and Palmira P

It is true, that passing by their lives with foreigners, in their father's house, the coquetry natural to their sex and to themselves is continually kept in action.

Theresa is Armida in miniature. Palmira would have resembled Erminia, in the days of Erminia. Rosalinda has something of whatever is pleasing in woman in every country in the world. Each motion of the eye-lid, and of her lip, is a grace. These three sisters possess accomplishments. They dance with delicacy, with expression! But I have said sufficient on the Roman beauty: the delicate bloom of a flower must be sparingly touched and its perfume sparingly inhaled. *Deputy's Travels, 179.*

FLAX-PLANT OF NEW ZEALAND.

From a British Magazine.

IN almost all the Numbers of your highly original and interesting Publication, you express much concern in regard to the present state of the Linen-Manufacture, in both Britain and Ireland. My enquiries enable me to confirm, in general, what you have represented concerning it. If not absolutely declining, it at least is not at present advancing in a due proportion to the increase of population, and to the demands for linens in Britain, and in those countries to which British trade might conveniently export this commodity.

In reading, the other day, Captain Collin's excellent history of the transactions during his residence as Judge-Advocate in the colony at Botany-Bay, I could not help fixing my notice, in a particular manner, upon what he there says of the New Zealand Flax-plant. In a climate not very dissimilar to that of Britain, this plant grows, without the attentions of culture, in situations of the most unfavourable exposure, and where it can enjoy little or nothing of those advantages which are derived from fertility of soil. It grows in the greatest profusion. It is so easily prepared for spinning, that even savages, wanting almost all other useful arts, display perfect skill and dexterity in dressing the Flax-Plant. The thread, cord, and cloth made from it, if coarse, are, however, admirably adapted for all the uses of the thread, cord, and cloth made from hemp and coarse flax in this country.

Upon these considerations, I would humbly submit it to your

judgment, and to the judgment of those botanists and manufacturers who are the best able to decide concerning all the possibilities of this case,—whether the seeds of the New Zealand Flax-plant might not be very advantageously sown in Britain? Since the *leaves* of this plant afford the flaxen fibres, it might be used without that impoverishment of the soil which ensues from the plucking of our British flax up by the roots. A very slight maceration in water would easily free the flaxen fibres from that part which is not to enter into the threads. The New Zealand Flax-Plant, would probably thrive on grounds which are at present absolutely barren, and not easily to be brought into cultivation for any produce already common among us. Even the trial of such a plant would draw the attention of the public, usefully, upon the production of those plants in general which are to afford the materials for canvas, linen, cordage, and paper.

I therefore intreat you to lay this suggestion of mine, in any manner you please, before the public, and to draw upon it the attention of those whose science, patriotism, and professional employments, render them the best able to judge of its utility, and to recommend it to such notice as it shall appear truly to deserve. I am, your's, &c.

Liverpool, Dec. 5, 1799.

J. C.

CHARACTER OF THE WELCH.

From Warner's "Walk through Wales."

WE have at length left North-Wales, a country which has afforded us the highest gratification. This pleasure, however, arises as much from moral considerations as from natural objects, from the contemplation of the manners and virtues of the people, as of the magnificent scenery amid which they dwell. Of these I shall endeavour to give you a slight sketch; being all, indeed, that our quick progress through the principality allows me to attempt.

‘On considering the character of the North-Wallians, we find that a little variation has taken place in it, during the lapse of 18 centuries; and if we allow for that polish which the progress of society naturally produces on individuals, we shall see the present inhabitants of Merioneth and Caernarvonshire, as well portrayed by Diodorus, Cæsar, Strabo, and Livy, as if they had taken the likeness in these days.

‘The modern, like the ancient Celt, is in person large and ro-

bust: his countenance sincere and open, his skin and complexion fair and florid, his eyes blue, and his hair of a yellowish tinge. As he thus nearly resembles his great ancestor in person, he is also equally like him in mind and disposition. Openness and candour are prominent features in the Welch character of the present day; they were full as strikingly displayed by the ancient Celtic nations. Their hospitality you are enabled to judge of, from the examples of it which I have mentioned in the preceding letters, amongst the ancients they were highly extolled for the same amiable quality. That quickness of feeling, so apparent in the Welch, which frequently displays itself in fierce, but transient fits of passion, and as often produces quarrels and bloodshed, perpetually embroiled the Celts in war and slaughter. National pride, a venial defect in the character of a people, since it arises only from the excess of laudable affections, is proverbial amongst the inhabitants of the principality, and they seem to have it by hereditary descent from their Celtic forefathers, who thought more of themselves, than the polished nations around them conceived they had a right to do.

‘ I have before observed, that a religious spirit prevails amongst the lower orders of the Welch, which produces a characteristic decency in that description of people. It is, however, much tinged with superstition, and the belief in spirits and apparitions is very general. The names of many mountains and rocks evince, that they are considered as the residences of subordinate intelligences; and this is accounted for, not so much, perhaps, from the credulity natural to ignorant people, as from the circumstances of the *scenery* wherein they reside, the gloom and the desolation of which, added to its being liable to singular and striking variations in appearance, have a strong tendency to affect the human mind (naturally timid) with superstitious fears and whimsical notions. Similar situations will produce similar manners; and hence it happens that their brethren of the Scotch Highlands entertain the same opinions, in this respect, with the inhabitants of Wales. The ghosts of the departed, and the spirits of the mountains, rocks, and winds, make a conspicuous figure in the poetry of the North: and some of the sublimest passages of *Osian* have their origin in these popular prejudices.’—

‘ The Welch females still retain that beauty of face, which drew encomiums on their Celtic mothers, from the writers of antiquity. They are middle-sized and well shaped, strikingly modelled according to the taste of Anacreon. Their eyes are dark and sparkling, and their complexion and teeth fair and white. Though their persons display a proper degree of symmetry, yet they are obviously stouter than the women of South-England, and inherit a great portion of that strength which Diodorus mentions as characterizing the Celtic females.—The dress of the Welch women is exactly similar throughout the principality, and consists of these particulars: a petticoat of flannel, the manufacture of

the country, either blue or striped; a kind of bed-gown with loose sleeves, of the same stuff, but generally of a brown colour; a broad handkerchief over the neck and shoulders; a neat mob-cap, and a man's beaver hat. In dirty, or cold weather, the person is wrapped in a long blue cloak, which descends below the knee. Except when particularly dressed, they go without shoe or stocking, and even if they have these luxuries, the latter in general has no foot to it. The man's attire is a jacket, waistcoat, and breeches, of their country flannel, the last of which are open at the knees, and the stockings (for the men generally wear them) are bound under the knees with red garters. Both men and women are vivacious, cheerful, and intelligent, not exhibiting that appearance of torpor and dejection which characterize the laboring poor of our own country; their wants being few, are easily supplied: a little milk, which their own mountain goat, or the benevolence of a neighbouring farmer, affords them, an oaten cake, and a few potatoes, furnish the only meal which they desire. Unvitiated by communication with polished life, they continue to think and act as nature dictates. Confined to their own mountains, they witness no scenes of profusion and extravagance to excite envy or malignancy, by a comparison between their own penury and the abundance of others. They look round and see nothing but active industry and unrepining poverty, and are content.

PICTURE OF THE POVERTY AND IGNORANCE OF THE NEAPOLITAN PEASANTRY.

(From the works of a late Traveller.)

Naples, May 15, 1794.

HAVING hired a boy at Misenum to carry my things, I tied up in a handkerchief the fish I had bought, and pursued on foot the road to Solfo Terra, and stopping at a farm-house, I desired to have the fish dressed while I went to see the pit or hole of natural boiling sulphur, which is supposed to have a communication under sea with Mount Vesuvius; as I was told the sulphur rose and sunk in that cauldron according as the mountain was more or less agitated. Returning again to the farm-house, (which in England would be called a cot) I lay there that night, and in the morning I paid the owner for my lodging, and other trifles; and giving his daughter a small piece of money for her attendance, the father told me that for somewhat more I might

take her with me to Naples*, saying, that it was his only child, and having no longer the means of maintaining her, and as she was almost thirteen years of age, he could not be further burdened with her. I told him that I did not intend to stay long at Naples, but that I would enquire for a servant's place for her among my acquaintance. I asked him if she could read; to which he replied, that he had no means to procure her so high an education.

‘It is impossible for me to give you a true idea of the general ignorance and savageness of peasants in the Neapolitan state; for, were I to describe them as they really are, you would think that I was in some barbarous country, and not on the ground formerly so renowned for humanity and learning.

‘After what I had seen and heard, I resolved to stay no longer on the coast, so I returned to Naples.

Naples, May 30th, 1794.

‘Just as I had finished my dinner this day, the farmer whom I before mentioned came to the inn, enquiring for me; he followed the servant into the room where I was sitting, and with him his daughter, who was dressed a little more decently than when I first saw her, having a short jacket, one petticoat, and a coarse towel over her head, the usual holiday dress of such country-women. Having asked him what his errand was, he said, that, according to my orders, he had brought his daughter; astonished at his impudence, I replied, that I had never given him the least encouragement, but only promised to get a servant's place for her if it lay in my power. He persisted to say, that he should not have brought her, unless I had agreed to it. Conceiving that his errand was to obtain a little money, I went into my bed-room to take out a trifle to give him, and returning, found that he had taken off her cloaths, and twirling her about, said, that she was a proper model for me to copy from, since I was, as he said, a painter.† He then ran from the house, and left me in

‘* This offer put me in mind of what is well known of parents in Georgia and Circassia, on the Black Sea, selling their young beautiful daughters to traders, who go there for the purpose of buying them, and they are carried from thence to Turkey, and on the Barbary coast, for sale. The rich people at Tunis, who do not like to take several wives, will often purchase some of those females, who if they fall into dislike are disposed of again to others at a less price.’

‘† This I suppose arose from my sketching some views while at his cottage. It is very common for parents to let out their female children to painters and sculptors as models, the parents first stripping them naked for approbation of the artist.’

a situation more awkward than I can describe. I told the girl to put on her cloaths, after which she related that her father had been turned out of his house for not having paid the rent, and that her parents were come into the city to seek employment. I ordered the servant to call a friend of mine, a lawyer, to consult with him how I was to act, but he being gone to his country-seat and not to return till the next day, I desired to speak with the mistress of the house, whom I begged to permit the young woman to lay with one of her maids till my friend came from the country. The landlady was for sending her out of the house, but the poor creature's tears made such impression on her, that she consented to her staying.

'The next day the lawyer being returned from the country paid me a visit, and said there was no remedy but to turn the girl into the street, or provide service for her; the latter he recommended, and would (if I approved of it) take her to his house, to which I most readily consented.'

THE RUINS OF St. OSWALD.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP. V.

A GREEABLY to the earnest petition of Ellinor, the remains of her mother were interred, as privately as possible, in the vault of the Abbey; and the whole family, out of respect for Ellinor, assumed the sable habit, from which the beauty of that lovely girl derived fresh lustre. Her pensive melancholy tenderly affected the heart of the Countess; and in a short time she was almost equally loved with the amiable Louisa. The first opportunity Adelaide found to withdraw herself from the family, she renewed her perusal of the Narrative.

————— "The Chevalier lifted me in his arms, and carried me through several broken arches, which afforded but an imperfect shelter from the pelting of the pitiless storm. He brought me into this very room——'This, Madam,' said he, looking round him with gloomy satisfaction, 'you may consider as the place of your future residence. But, as I wish to be excused from the charge of injustice, you shall be fully acquainted with my reasons for this proceeding.—In the first place, then, learn—you are no longer to consider yourself as my wife;—you are not such.'

'Oh, Heaven!' cried I, 'restrain his inauspicious tongue!'

"He stopped me.——"

'This rant, Madam, availeth nothing: my decree is inviolable, and your impertinence will not defeat its purposed end. Particular circumstances rendered a lawful marriage necessary; but as your high spirit might lead you to desperate means, and you might endeavour to stimulate the remaining branches of your family to avenge what you should deem your wrongs, I have judged it expedient to put it beyond your power to injure either yourself or me. You will here find a peaceful abode, nor shall you want for any thing, the luxuries of life excepted; but this no longer than while you submit unrepiningly to my will: for if ever you attempt, or suffer your daughter, to quit the place, your life will infallibly be the forfeiture.'

"He advanced ceremoniously to salve me. I cast myself at his feet, embraced his knees——'Dufour!' cried I, piteously, 'can you leave me at this hour—in this place—and in such a night!——By all the love you ever professed for me, I conjure you to stay till the cheering rays of morning shall revisit my sad prison! Oh! in mercy hear me.' He seemed moved.

'Cowardice!' said he——'a mere pretence to torment me,' as he peevishly seated himself by my side.

"My destitute situation obliged me to smother the repinings which inflated my heart, and rose to my lips, lest he should immediately leave me to all the unknown horrors of the place.

"Alas! is there never to be an end to my sad captivity!——The Chevalier seems more kind than usual—he visits me often, and has brought me books for my child's instruction; but he seems afflicted; says he will come no more: he even wept. Surely my sufferings have at length touched his hard heart——rapturous thought! Ah! my Dufour, will you renounce all the ties of nature! Six years—sad years of imprisonment—have rendered her a suppliant not to be resisted, but by the callous heart of Insensibility! Hark!—she lisps your name!——sweet sound!——yet you look not smiling upon her!——See, how affrighted!—at your sternness she hides her face in my bosom;——that poor agitated bosom, which cannot long afford her succour!

"A letter dropped from his pocket as he took from thence a handkerchief, to hide the tears which my lovely Ellen drew to his eyes. Oh! how I shudder! Poor, frail creature——how should it effect me!

'TO THE CHEVALIER DUFOUR.

'LET no time be lost—Prepare the Abbey for Adelaide's reception—she will be back with me in a few days. I do not entertain a doubt of our success. Her fortune is more sure than Clementina's: we were sadly duped there! No matter——Maudal was a trusty dog——Made a good parson! I have acted with great prudence, in this affair:

'all will be our own, if your squeamish scruples do not defeat all
'my projects. Mind that you secure the other.

'ST. OSWALD.'

"Gracious God!—Then he has, indeed, made another victim! Infamous scrawl!—thus—thus I tear you! Can such a villain remain, like a blot, on the surface of the earth!

"Jacques now brings all our provisions, but he is too trusty to answer my interrogations. Yet ought I not to thank the gracious Author of life for preserving to me my child in this dreary solitude, to be the solace of my age? In the cultivation of her understanding I pass my listless hours. The world I tell her of seems to her but a fairy tale. Nay, my own senses stagger when I revolve past scenes! We cannot be far from the Abbey and the length of our journey was but a trick to impose upon me. Ellinor has wandered about this spacious ruin, but there is no outlet for escape, unless we were to precipitate ourselves from a tremendous height; and if we were, and should escape with life, we should inevitably be detected.

"By my watch, we have now passed a week without being visited by Jacques. He used to bring us provisions daily—but the wretched are always abandoned! Surely, my punishment is too great! Our food is all consumed: the last crust I had I gave to Ellinor—'twas moistened by my tears. She knew not that I was then famishing for the want of it, or her precious lips would not have admitted the savoury portion. But I shall not want it long; my frame daily approaches the peaceful grave. But my Ellinor, my child—must she then starve!—Distracting thought!—Ellinor!—Ellinor!"

The papers were now finished, and the profusion of tears shed by the Countess preserved her from fainting. The villany of the Count was fully authenticated; but Jacques was dead; so also was Maudal; so that no witnesses of the transactions remained. She had also incontestible proofs of her own marriage with Dufour. But of Ellinor she was at a loss how to dispose; her presence could not but be a source of continual uneasiness to her; but her humanity enveloped every other consideration, or at least rendered them comparatively light, and she determined to keep the birth of her protégée a secret from Alfred and Louisa; and, by fabricating a fictitious account of her origin, bring her up with her own children. She immediately sent for Ellinor, and acquainted her with her intentions, and also the real state of her family.

The astonishment of the lovely orphan was great: she gazed at the Countess with a mixture of respect and tenderness; the

big tears rolled resistless down her cheeks, and, with a voice broken with sobs, she cried——

“Am I, then, in the spot where I first drew breath?—Perhaps the very room! And are you that wife——.”

Gratitude suppressed what would have followed, and she sunk at the feet of the Countess overwhelmed with grief.—Adelaide raised her tenderly, promised to be a mother to her, and was already prepared to love her as her daughter.

Ellinor was now joyfully admitted a member of the family; her gentleness and sweetness of disposition endearing her to every one. The sprightly Louisa strove with all her artless gaiety to divert the melancholy sadness of her friend, and so far succeeded as to engage her in all her little pleasurable parties without reluctance; and the Countess, by degrees, conquered the repugnance her presence at first inspired.

The generous heart of Alfred, tenderly susceptible of every emotion, could not insensibly behold the beauty of Ellinor; yet the sentiment was to himself so new, that he dared not trust himself with an investigation of his own feelings. Ellinor, on her part, was not convinced that he was the first being of the sex she had beheld beautiful, amiable, and accomplished; she felt the full power of a passion fatal and criminal; she shuddered at the suggestion of the guileless Louisa, who read in her eyes the language of the heart, and sometimes rallied her on her love for Alfred. She shook with horror, and, flying from the presence of her friend, sought the sequestered alcove, as an asylum from her own reflections. In her way, she found Alfred stretched on the grass, being employed in tracing features ever beloved on a piece of velum:——

“What is it that so deeply engages Alfred?” said Ellinor with forced ease.

He raised his eyes tenderly to her face: they were suffused with a soft languor, and blushes covered his cheeks. Turning the paper, he held it towards her, and she could not for a moment doubt of the semblance being her own. She started, and turned pale: the child of Nature, she could not disguise her sentiments, but shame and fear were conspicuous in her face.

—“Ah! Ellinor,” said Alfred, rising, “I see you detest me: cruel girl—you must know that I love you; and you triumph in my distress!”

“No, Alfred,” said Ellinor: “indeed, you do me injustice. I love you;—but we must part—It cannot be!”

She fell upon his neck, and leaned her face upon his shoulder.

“What say you, Ellinor,” said Alfred, tenderly——“Part!——No,——never! You own you love me;—let me, then, fly to my mother:——she is ever kind, ever indulgent:—the tidings will rejoice her!” And he would have fled. She caught his arm——

"Ah! no, Alfred!—Would you drive me mad?—By all your love for me, I beseech you not to say a word to the Countess; she is already sufficiently unhappy; she must not know it; this is a fatal secret!—Oh! that I durst but tell you!—Alfred, we must conquer this unhappy passion:—it will be our ruin!"

He took her passive hand, and kissed away the tears that trickled down her cheeks.—

"Dearest girl, why will you torture me so! Surely, you cannot be in earnest? There is no secret but what my mother shares in common with us. Louisa can tell you the same."

The Countess at this moment entered the garden, accompanied by Louisa. Alfred still retained the hand of Ellinor, and, advancing to Adelaide, dropped on his knees—

"Will my ever-indulgent mother refuse to bless her son with the worthy object of his love? Will she not bestow upon her Alfred the hand of the admirable Ellinor? Speak, dearest mother; nothing remains but your consent to render us both happy."

Ellinor snatched her hand forcibly from him, and, covering her face, rushed towards the Abbey, followed by the affrighted Louisa. The Countess gazed upon her son for some time with looks of the deepest concern.

"Alfred," she cried, "Ellinor can never be your wife!" Alfred flung himself upon the earth in a fit of despair—"Oh! mother," he exclaimed, "you have killed me!—Here let me lie, and breathe my last; for here it was my Ellinor said she loved me! and think not that I will survive her loss."

The Countess, unable to witness his agony, returned to the Abbey, and sent Louisa to remain with her unhappy brother.

CHAP. VI.

Louisa found him extended on the earth, the pale image of Woe! She flung herself by the side of him—"Alfred!—my dearest brother!—speak to me!" She felt his hands; they were cold. "Ah!" cried she, "he is dying!—For Pity's sake one word. You must not lie here—indeed, you must not!"

He rose, as if careless of fate, and in a melancholy state suffered her to lead him away; repeating, softly, as he went—"Ellinor not mine!—She must—she shall!"

When they reached the Abbey he retired to his chamber, and threw himself on the bed in a state of mind too much disturbed to admit of consolation. Morning found him in the same state, but he was startled by the hasty entrance of Louisa, who exclaimed—

"Rise, dear Alfred, rise!—Our Ellinor is lost to us for ever!—She is gone, no one knows whither!—My poor mother is distracted!"

Alfred needed no more; but, rising, instantly ran to the par-

four, where he found the Countess, in tears, perusing a note which she held in her hand. She presented it to Alfred as he entered, who eagerly read it to the end, scarcely allowing himself time to breathe. It ran thus :—

“ TO THE COUNTESS ST. OSWALD.

“ Ever-revered benefactress,

“ To save your generous soul a pang, I have made this sacrifice. Heaven knows, I would act conformably to my duty, were it in my power ; but I have no longer confidence in myself. In quitting your roof, I have forsaken all in this world valuable to me : but if I have in any way promoted your welfare by it, I am rewarded. To my loved Louisa bid for me a long farewell. Tell her, that the consciousness of my virtuous intentions only supported me under this afflicting stroke. Teach her not to hate her Ellinor. Never will her kindness be erased from my memory. There is one more, to whom I would say much ; but language is inadequate to convey my sentiments—I mean my Alfred !—Tell him to call his reason—the divine precepts of religion—to his aid ; and cease to think of me otherwise than as a friend. I can trust to the rectitude of his principles, when he no more sees the object of his ill-fated attachment.

“ Dear and invaluable friend, adieu. Deep in my bosom remain your beloved images. Oh ! pity and pray for the wandering.

“ ELLINOR.”

Alfred was almost frantic : he called his mother cruel, inhuman ! But she made allowance for the distresses of his mind, and exerted all her power to restore his perturbed spirits. Messengers were dispatched every way in pursuit of the fugitive, but they all returned equally unsuccessful. In her heart the Countess applauded the virtuous heroism of Ellinor, but trembled for the dangers she must undoubtedly be exposed to, and mourned her loss with maternal fondness.—She endeavoured to make Alfred resigned to his fate, and so far succeeded, as to restore him to some degree of calmness : but his ignorance of the real cause of Ellinor's flight made him less tractable, it being a secret which the Countess would not as yet trust them with, as she could not endure the thought of teaching her children to abhor their own father, however culpable he might be. The recent event rendered her more than ever desirous to return to the Castle de Laneville ; but this was a gratification, for the present, denied her, and she submitted to her lot with resignation.

Ellinor was born the child of romance. Ignorant of the world, she thought only of the security of the present, nor suffered a

thought of the future to embarrass her imagination. In her ardour to escape even the shadow of criminality, she hit upon a scheme, which she wanted neither patience nor courage to execute, had it been practicable ; and for some time the rectitude of her intentions supported her in her singular enterprize ; but when she had wandered about six miles, insensible of fatigue, and, turning her head, beheld the distant spires of St. Oswald's Abbey, her spirits failed ; in spite of her heroism, she felt her heart palpitate : casting her eyes around, she found herself upon a barren heath. Cheerless and disconsolate she laid her head against a tree, and yielded to her melancholy reflections.—“ Poor, forlorn wretch !” said she mentally : “ what will now be thy fate ? Without home—without friends—a miserable outcast ! But, surely, that Providence which has hitherto preserved me will not now leave me wholly destitute !”

She rose, invigorated with the idea, and pursued her road across several fields. Night drawing on apace made her look round in search of a shelter. A miserable hovel was raised by the road side ; thither she crawled, almost sinking with fatigue. She approached with gloomy hope, and knocked for admittance. She waited a considerable time, but no one answered. Determined, at last, to try for admittance, she pushed the door ; it yielded : all within was so profoundly still, as to convince her she was at present the only inhabitant. Casting her eyes timidly around, to her no small satisfaction, she perceived some straw in a corner, which promised to afford her a comfortable bed for that night. She carefully closed the door, and throwing herself upon her humble couch endeavoured to lose in sleep the remembrance of her misfortunes.

Her plan was, to pass on to the Continent, where she doubted not it would be very easy for her to obtain the protection of her mother's family, who, at least, she thought would, from motives of compassion, exert themselves to get her admitted into a convent, where she might bury the remembrance of her still loved, still regretted Alfred.

This air-formed scheme yielded her great satisfaction in the contemplation : and, after enjoying a comfortable repose of some hours length, she rose much refreshed, though the craving of her appetite reminded her how long she had fasted.—The vegetable productions supplied by the all-bounteous hand of Nature were for two days her only sustenance. On the third she felt herself quite exhausted, and she threw herself, faint and weary, upon the ground. A rustling among the trees alarmed her, and, raising her depressed head, she beheld a tall, harsh-looking fellow peeping over the hedge against which she was seated. She rose, unconscious of the strangeness of her own appearance, and implored succour.

“ Faith, then, my pretty one, you shall have that, and any thing else you want,” said the stranger, at the same time giving a

shrill whistle, which roused several men of similar appearance, whom Ellinor now, for the first time, observed seated at a small distance upon the grass, regaling themselves with much merriment. They instantly advanced towards the fair suppliant, with looks of mingled surprize and admiration.

—"Oh! for Pity's sake," said Ellinor, "give me some food! I am almost famishing for want!"

Surprized at this strange request, they led her to their devoted meal, where, inattentive to all around, she began to satisfy her appetite, while they retired to some distance, and discoursed among themselves. When she had eat sufficiently, she rose, and thanked them gratefully: but one of the men, approaching rudely, caught her in his arms, saying—

"Stay, stay, my pretty one; you have not yet paid your reckoning."

She put her hand in her pocket: they all laughed so loud, that mortified and distressed, she burst into tears, and begged they would permit her to pursue her journey.

"So you shall sweet one," said he who appeared the chief; "but it must be our road. Here, Carlos," calling to one who stood aloof, bring our horses, and let us face our barracks: we'll have no more forage to night; better game is sprung."

When Ellinor understood their intentions, she fell on her knees, and entreated them to spare her.

"Spare you, my charmer!" replied the man: "never fear; we'll not use you ill. Come with us, and you shall live like a princess!"

He then, in spite of all her tears and entreaties, placed her upon his horse, and, throwing a strap round her, with which he buckled her on, he rode off with her at full speed.

(To be continued.)

ESSAYS AFTER THE MANNER OF GOLDSMITH.

ESSAY I.

But Hudibrass, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of Philosophers.

THE happiest people in the world are those, in whose minds nature, or philosophy, has placed a kind of acid, with which care or disappointment will not easily mix.

This acid differs very much from ill-nature; it is rather a kind

of salt, expressed from frequent observations on the folly, the vanity, and the uncertainty of human events; that best of all philosophy, which teaches us to take men as we find them, and circumstances as they occur, good or bad, for better or for worse; that dwells not on future prospects, reflects not on past troubles, and cares not a fig for present difficulties, but dextrously turns them either to ridicule or to advantage; snatching, at every opportunity, the accidental pleasures of life, and nobly bearing up against the rubs of vicissitude.

The troubles of life, when they mix themselves in a disposition naturally ill-tempered, compose what is called melancholy; but as they have no chemical affinity with good humour, they will not easily combine; and the small particles that are miscible produce only the sweet, and acid salt of true philosophy.

Such a traveller, in his journey through the world, was my honest friend JACK EASY. Jack came to a good fortune at the death of his father, and mounted his hobby without its ever having been properly broke in; he galloped over the plains of Fancy, went off in a full canter to the road of Dissipation, and leaped over all the five-barred gates of Advice and Discretion. It may naturally be supposed, that before long his filly gave him a fall; poor Jack came down sure enough, but he only shook himself, brushed off the dirt of the road, and mounted again in as high spirits as ever, excepting, that he now began to sit firmer in the saddle, and to look about him; this, however, did not hinder him from getting into a swamp called a Law-suit, where he remained a considerable time before he could get out: his fortune was now reduced from some thousands to a few hundreds; and by this time, no man better knew the way of life than my friend Jack Easy. He had been through all the dirty cross-roads of business, money-lending, bankruptcy, and law; and had at last arrived at a goal.

My friend Jack did not, however, despond: he consoled himself with the reflection, that he was a single man; some of his misfortunes were the consequences of his own imprudence, others of unforeseen accidents, and most of them originated from his good-nature and generosity. He, however, *never excused*; he lumped them all together, took them in good part, and blamed nobody but himself; he whistled away his troubles, and repeated,

I am out of Fortune's power:
He who's down can sink no lower.

The Goddess, however, put on her best smiles, and paid Jack a visit in the King's Bench, in the shape of a handsome legacy. Jack smiled at the thing, being, as he called it, so extremely apropos; and once more mounted his nag. He now rode more cautiously, turned into the road of Economy that led to a comfort-

able inn with the sign of Competency over the door ; he had borrowed a martingle from an old hostler called experience ; and, for the first time in his life, used a curb. He began already to find, that though he did not gallop away as formerly, yet he went on in his journey pleasantly enough. Some dashing riders passed him, laughing at his jog-trot pace ; but he had no occasion to envy them long ; for presently some of them got into ruts, others were stuck fast in bogs and quagmires, and the rest were thrown from their saddles, to the great danger of their necks. Jack Easy, meanwhile, jogged on merrily ; hot or cold, wet or dry, he never complained ; he now preferred getting off, and opening a gate, to leaping over it ; and smiled at an obstacle, as at a turnpike where he must necessarily pay toll.

The man who is contented either to walk, trot, or canter through life, has by much the advantage of his fellow-travellers. He suits himself to all paces, and seldom quarrels with the tricks which the jade Fortune is sometimes disposed to play him. You might now see Jack Easy walking his hobby along the road, enjoying the scene around him, with contentment sparkling in his eyes. If the way happened to be crowded with horsemen and carriages, you might observe him very readily taking his own side of the road, and letting them pass. If it began to rain or blow, Jack only pulled up the collar of his great coat, flapped his hat, and retreated to the little hedge that philosophy afforded him, till the storm was over.

Thus my friend Jack Easy came in with a jog-trot the end of his journey, leaving his example behind him for the good of other travellers, as a kind of finger-post.

G. B.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE ICE FOX.

[Extracted from Tooke's "View of the Russian Empire."]

"DURING my abode," says Steller, "on Behring's Island, I had opportunities, more than enough, of studying the nature of this animal, far excelling the common fox in impudence, cunning, and roguery. The narrative of the innumerable tricks they played as, might easily vie with Albertus Julius's History of the Apes in the Island of Saxenburg. They forced themselves into our habitations by night as well as by day, stealing all they could carry off, even things that were of no use to them, as knives, sticks, clothes, &c. They were so inconceivably ingenious, as to roll down our casks of provisions, several poods in weight, and then steal the meat out of them so ably, that, at first, we could not bring ourselves to ascribe the theft to them.

As we were stripping an animal of its skin, it often happened that we could not avoid stabbing two or three foxes, from their rapacity in stealing the flesh out of our hands. If we buried it ever so carefully, and added stones to the weight of earth that was upon it, they not only found it out, but shoved away the stones, as men would have done, with their shoulders plying under them, helping one another with all their might. If, thinking to secure it, we put any on the top of a high post in the air, they grubbed up the earth at the bottom, so that the post and all came tumbling down ; or one of them clambered up, and threw down what was upon it with incredible artifice and dexterity. They watched all our motions, and accompanied us in whatever we were about to do. If the sea threw up an animal of any kind, they devoured it before a man of us could come up, to our great disadvantage ; and, if they could not consume it all at once, they trailed it away, in portions, to the mountains, where they buried it under stones before our eyes, running to and fro, as long as any thing remained to be conveyed away : while this was doing, others stood on the guard, and watched us. If they saw any one coming at a distance, the whole troop combined at once, and began digging altogether in the sand, till they had so fairly put a beaver or a sea-bear under the surface, that not a trace of it was to be seen. In the night time, when we slept in the field, they came and pulled off our night-caps, and stole our gloves from under our heads, with the beaver coverings, &c. in consequence of which, we always slept with clubs in our hands, that, if they should awake us, we might drive them away, or knock them down.

“ When we made a halt to rest by the way, they gathered around us, and played a thousand tricks in our view ; and when we sat still, they approached us so near, that they gnawed the thongs of our shoes. If we lay down, as if intending to sleep, they came and smelled our noses, to try whether we were dead or alive : if we held our breath, they gave such a tug to the noses, as if they would bite it off. On our first arrival, they bit off noses, fingers, and toes of our dead, while we were preparing the grave ; and thronged in such a manner about the infirm and sick, that it was with difficulty we could keep them off. Every morning we saw the audacious animals patrolling about among sea-lions and sea-bears lying on the strand, smelling of such as were asleep, to discover whether some of them might not be dead : if that happened to be the case, they proceeded to dissect him immediately ; and, presently after, all were at work in dragging the parts away. Because the sea-lions, at night, in their sleep, frequently overlay their young, they examine, as if conscious of that circumstance, every morning, the whole herd of them, one by one, and immediately drag away the dead cubs from their dams.

“ Seeing, now, that they would not suffer us to be at rest night nor day, we were, in fact, so exasperated at them, that we killed

them, young and old, and plagued them by every means we could devise. When the party awoke in the morning, there always lay two or three at our feet, that had been knocked on the head by some of us in the night; and I can safely affirm, that, during my stay on the Island, I slew above two hundred of them myself. The third day after my arrival, I knocked down, within the space of three hours, upwards of seventy of them with a club. They were so ravenous, that, with one hand, if we held to them a piece of flesh, they would come to it; although we might have a stick or axe in the other to knock them on the head.

"When these busy animals could not get hold of what they wanted, as the clothes which were put off, &c. one of them would upon it, and all the others which passed would do the same. From all circumstances, it was clear to us, that they had very little communication with human beings, and that the dread of man is not innate in brutes, but must be grounded on long experience.

"In October and November, they, like other foxes, were the most sleek, and full of hair; in January and February the growth of it is too thick; in April and May they begin to shed their coats; in June and July they had only wool on them, and looked as if they went in waistcoats. In June they drop their cubs, nine or ten in a brood, in holes and cliffs of the rocks. They are so fond of their young, that, to scare us away, they would bark and yelp like dogs, and thereby betrayed their coverts. This mode of preserving their young, probably, has procured them the name of Ice or Rock Foxes. No sooner do they perceive that their retreat is discovered, than, unless disturbed, they drag away the young in their mouths, and hide them in a more secret place. On killing the young, the dam follows the slayer with grievous howlings, day and night, for a hundred and more versts, and never ceases, until she has played her enemy some trick, or is killed by him.

"In storms, and heavy falls of snow, they bury themselves in the snow, and lie still, as long as it lasts. They swim across rivers with great agility; will seize the sea-fowl, by night, on the cliffs, when they have settled to sleep; but are themselves frequently victims to the birds of prey. These animals, which are now in such inexpressible numbers on the Island, were, most probably, conveyed there (since there is no other land animal in it) from the Continent, on the drift ice; and have been nourished by the great quantity of animal substances thrown up by the sea.

"This species is entirely white, and their furs compose a considerable article of commerce."

[The following letter is copied from an old book; but the humour of it will be pleasing to some of our readers, at least—its antiquity notwithstanding.]

To Mr. M. C. a litigious Country Attorney; a Letter of Gallantry.

Worthy Sir,

THAT I am no stranger to your character (tho, I bless my stars for it, I am to your person) you'll soon find, if you'll give yourself the trouble to read the following lines; there is no great pleasure indeed in drawing monsters: however, since it may be of publick advantage, to have 'em described in their true proper colours, that others may avoid and detest 'em. I have ventur'd at the task; and how well I have perform'd it, leave yourself to be judge. To accommodate myself to the dialect of your profession, I will begin my letter like a bond, with a *Noverint Universi*; and may all men accordingly know by these presents, That Mr. M. C. is the veriest pettifogging rascal that ever scandaliz'd a green bag, or came within the walls of Westminster-Hall.

I have often wonder'd that providence should be at the trouble and expence of disordering the whole fabrick of nature, when it has decreed to punish us with dearths and famines, since it may go a more compendious way to work, and effect all these calamities by the ministry of lawyers. Give a true lawyer but pen, ink, and parchment, and I dare engage he will starve the country ten miles round him. The most odious animals, and the most contemptible insects have some use or other, living or dead, or at least serve to diversify the universe: toads, they say, suck up the venom of the earth; snakes are useful in medicine; but it would puzzle the wisests naturalists to find out any thing good in a lawyer; I mean such abominable incendiaries as thou art, who thrive by rapine, and fatten upon extortion, and build their own fortune upon the destruction of those poor wretches who fly to them for justice. We see puny rascals, of a lower class, truss'd up every session, for petty rogueries to thine, for easing the hedges of some lousy linnen, for nimming of cloaks, stealing of supernumery spoons, &c. when gigantic overgrown villains, like thyself, set a whole country together by the ears, and pick their pockets during the fray, yet are far from being call'd to an account for it. But tho', Sir, these worthy gentlemen have tricks and evasions enough to escape justice here, yet they pay Cent. per Cent. interest for their cheating in another World. The Devil never keeps a holiday in good earnest, but when an attorney of thy complexion makes a perpendicular leap into his dominions; and he will no more part with him, when he has got him into his clutches, than any one of his own lawyers will refund a fee: pos-

session being eleven points of the law in Hell, as well as in Westminster-Hall.

Thus, Sir, you see I've made a little familiar with you and your function, and perhaps am bolder than welcome. But, Sir, I have a small favour to request of you, which I must tell you beforehand you must not deny me. What I have to propose to you is not unreasonable nor difficult; I neither desire you to make restitution of what you have unjustly plunder'd from so many families, (for I know a true attorney would sooner be dama'd than do that) nor to build hospitals, (unless it be one for your old father, Sir, who grazes, they tell, upon the common.) No, Sir, you shall find me the fairest and easiest man you ever dealt with.

I am inform'd your house stands by the side of a famous river, which looks as if providence design'd you for the end I advise you to: So, Sir, if you please, one of these fine mornings to take a leap into it from your garret, it will be the best-natur'd thing you ever did in your life: by the by, Sir, you need not cram your pockets with stones nor lead, to make you sink, for your own sins are ponderous enough to do your business without 'em, if the proverb don't secure you. But, Sir, if you don't fancy drowning, as perhaps you may'nt, (as I told you before, you shall find me the most reasonable man in the universe) why then, Sir, I would advise you to hang yourself in your closet, in your wife's garters, or to rip up your guts with a case knife, or to cut your jugulars with a razor, or to take a good large dose of *Opium*; or lastly, to knock your brains out against a brick wall; but then, Sir, take my word for't, you must knock hard; for your neighbours tell me, you have got a confounded thick skull. In short, Sir, I shan't insist upon the how, the where, or the when, provided this thing be done in any reasonable time; and I promise you under my hand, that the bells shall ring merrily as soon as it is accomplish'd; and to encourage you to proceed in this affair, I can assure, that you'll oblige no less than a whole country by it, and particulary

Your unknown Friend, &c.

MODERN INFIDELITY.

IT sometimes happens, that what one age considers as ludicrous, another adopts as serious. Much of the modern Philosophy is of this kind, consisting of whims and fancies, which ingenious men in former days amused themselves with; little thinking that a future race of beings, calling themselves rational, would have adopted them.

I have been induced to make these remarks, from accidentally meeting with the *Unbeliever's Creed*, a production of your

old friend BONNELL THORNTON. I transcribe it as is it short ; and must add, that I have no where seen a more correct abridement of modern Philosophy and Infidelity. Were the author living, he might humorously take the credit to himself, for having turned the heads of so many people by what he intended only as a harmless *jeu d'esprit*.

THE UNBELIEVER'S CREED.

I BELIEVE that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter ; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe that the world was not made ; that the world made itself ; that it had no beginning ; that it will last forever, world without end.

I believe that a man is a beast ; that the soul is the body, and the body the soul ; and that after death, there is neither body nor soul.

I believe that there is no religion : that natural religion is the only religion ; and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses ; I believe in the first Philosophy ; I believe not the Evangelists ; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Morgan, Mandeville, Tindal, Woolston, Hobbs, Shaftesbury : I believe in Lord Bolingbroke ; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not Revelation ; I believe in Tradition : I believe in Talmud : I believe in the Alcoran , I believe not the Bible ; I believe in Socrates ; I believe in Confucius : I believe in Sanconiatan ; I believe in Mahomet ; I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.

[*The following is taken from a British Magazine. America being connected with Britain during the greatest part of the last century ; a view of the affairs of that country will be interesting to our readers.*]

RETROSPECT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

AMONG the admirable counsels which the celebrated legislature of the Jews gave them, before his departure, we find the following, 'Remember the days of old : consider the years of many generations ; ask thy father, and he will show thee, thy elders, and they will tell thee.' And it is certainly one great use for the common divisions of time, that they afford an opportunity of reviewing what is past, and reviewing it without prejudice, because without the immediate passions and affections which in

human actions often interrupt the operations of prudence and deliberation. To individuals, the conclusion of a year has generally been considered as a fit opportunity for such a review of past transactions, as may seriously affect the heart and conduct; for no year can pass without affording many undeniable proofs of the uncertainty of life, and many undeniable illustrations of the instability of all human affairs. To omit such opportunities, to be indifferent to such obvious memoranda of our frailty and insecurity, would be to deny reason its fair play, in the direction of our actions, and to bring on the confusion of ideas, which so frequently leads to irregularity and misery. In affairs of business, it would be accounted ruin to neglect a frequent retrospect of what has been done. Why it should appear less hurtful in the moral government of ourselves, is wholly unaccountable.

What a year may thus be to an individual, a century may surely be to a nation; a fit period for a review of its progress in aggregate power, wealth or happiness. And if ever any century most imperiously demanded us to 'consider the years of many generations,' it is that which is just expired. Whoever casts but a transient glance at the events of which it is composed, whether occurring in Great-Britain, or in other nations, will be convinced of this by a demonstration superior to any mere argument. In a paper, like the present, it is but a very superficial glance we can take: to enter fully into the various subjects which present themselves, would employ volumes, and not employ them uselessly, and doubtless the ablest historians of future days will find the greatest interest, and bestow the most industrious research into the events that marked the progress of the eighteenth century.

At its commencement, we were engaged, in confederacy with foreign allies, in a war to curb the ambition of monarchial France, which, after the many glorious victories achieved by the duke of Marlborough, terminated in the peace of Utrecht in 1713. In this war, we gained the important fortress of Gibraltar, which has ever since been annexed to the British empire. It was also in this period that the union was affected between England and Scotland. Prejudices in the latter country ran as strong against this measure as they have since done in Ireland, but they were as speedily overcome by their respective legislatures, and we believe the unprejudiced in Scotland are now willing to allow, that it has been of considerable advantage to that country. There existed, however, in Scotland, another prejudice, which produced more fatal effects, and which was in some degree added to the former; we allude to an attachment to the exiled family of Stewart, an attachment which has been deemed honourable, but it certainly was not wise, because it was an attachment to a monarch, whose object was to enslave the nation, and to favour,

if not to revive, the establishment of a religion the most averse to the presbyterian religion in Scotland, of any that can be conceived. This, however, produced two rebellions, the one in 1715, and the other in 1745, which may be ranked among the leading events of the eighteenth century, although they can bear no comparison with the nature of that rebellious spirit, which has since arisen among most nations in Europe, and has for its object the destruction of almost every principle of government, which the Scotch rebels would have died to preserve, and in particular, monarchical government and hereditary right.

From December 1718 to 1721, Great Britain carried on a war with Spain, and another commenced in 1789, and with France in 1744, both which were concluded by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. The losses of the French and Spaniards, in their shipping, during this war, was very great, and was attended with singular effect upon our public funds. The vast fortunes made by private persons brought such wealth into the country, that, in 1749, the interest of the national debt was reduced from four to three and a half per cent. for seven years, after which the whole was to stand reduced to three per cent. This, it has been observed, was the boldest stroke of finance ever attempted, perhaps, in any country, consistently with public faith : for the creditors of the government, after an ineffectual opposition, continued their money in the funds, and a few, who sold out, even made interest to have it replaced on the same security, or were paid off their principal sums out of the sinking fund.

Peace, however, was not of long continuance ; the encroachments of the French on our foreign possessions, occasioned another war, which commenced in 1755 ; in 1762, the Spaniards joined the French, but in 1763, peace was again concluded ; this event is too recent to require a particular detail. It was no sooner concluded, however, than the unhappy disputes between the American colonies and the mother country were occasioned, at first, by certain taxation acts. In 1775, America was in arms against the British government, and in 1778, France aided them with troops ; this brought on a war with Spain and Holland, which terminated in 1783. But the effects will probably long be felt : whoever looks on a larger scale to cause and effect, must find it easy to trace the revolution in France to the assistance the court of France gave to the Americans. The French, who never knew the sweets of liberty, or the nature of popular governments, were sent to fight for them in America, at an immense distance from the controul of their own government, and exposed to all the insinuations and instructions in the theory of liberty, which the Americans could give them. But the discussion of this curious fact must be left to historians.

In a few years, symptoms of disaffection appeared in France ; they were excited or promoted by men of talents and ambition, and they soon broke out in a form more terrible than had yet

happened in any nation. Comparisons, we are aware, have been made between this revolution and that in England, in the time of Charles I. To us, the causes, the objects, the actors, and the effects, all seem different, and it would not be a very arduous task, if things are to be judged by comparison, to vindicate the rebellion in England as comparatively innocent. A king, indeed, was put to death by a mock trial, or rather no trial at all; and rich subjects were oppressed and despoiled; but where, in the whole history of this rebellion, can we find (we except the field of battle) instances enough of cruelty or bloodshed to be put in competition with one hour of the many massacring days of France?

This last event, however, constitutes the principal in the eighteenth century. Its importance can never easily be estimated: The whole continent of Europe has felt its effects by disorganization, revolution, and anarchy. Its own shapes, as confined to France, have been various.—Successions of tyrants have given a variety to the forms of its government, but nothing has lasted long, except the perseverance of the soldiery, who have fought equally for all forms, modes, and shapes of government, from Robespierre to Buonaparte. Where all this will end, it is impossible to foresee. The event will be remembered as belonging to the last century, but its effects will long be felt in the present. It is the peculiar cause of thankfulness, however, for this country, that the devouring sword has not reached its borders, and that we have derived a protection from our fleets, which has not only contributed to our internal security, and the promotion of our commerce, but has shed an immortal lustre over the bravery of the British navy.

Such are the principal events in which we have been concerned, which relate to peace and war. But in taking a more cheering retrospect of the last century, it will now be necessary to consider the progress that has been made in commerce, arts, and manufactures, with other circumstances of great importance to the character and prosperity of the nation.

The first object that presents itself, with regard to commerce, and which is of immense magnitude, is the trade and territory of the honourable East India company. From being a company, and a small one, of merchants trading with the natives of the east, they have gradually risen (but principally within the last forty years) to be the sovereigns of a territory, containing at the close of the war in 1783, 182,122 square miles, on which are upward of eleven millions of people; with the addition of 21,589, square miles, ceded by Tippoo Sultan in 1791, to which almost the whole of the dominions of that tyrant have since been added. Such an event as this is unparalleled in the history of any nation, and demonstrates, that the commercial spirit, the credit, and the perseverance of the English, far exceed that of any other nation. The causes which induced government to take the affairs of this company, in some measure, into their hands, and the political re-

volutions thereupon, the long discussions on the merits and demerits of this company, the trial of Mr. Hastings, which naturally arose from the party divisions of the times, are all subjects, which will hereafter be studied with attention, and are none of the least important events of the past century. Except the company of merchants trading to Africa, no new company of any consequence has been established in the last century. That to Sierra Leone, rather a private undertaking, and in its infancy, may be in future times attended with beneficial effects, especially as there seems a general wish that the abolition of the slave-trade may soon take place. This last may be enumerated among the *memoranda* of the eighteenth century; the first ideas on the subject were thrown out in books; and sentiments became frequently interchanged, untill a society arose whose professed purpose was the abolition of the trade. A few years ago, application was made to parliament, and received with approbation. Notwithstanding the importance of the slave-trade to the country in a commercial point of view, the majority of the house of commons has on all occasions been friendly to the abolition, which, although it has not taken place, has been attended with an amelioration of the state of the slaves in the West-Indies. Whatever may be the issue of the dispute, wherever the abolition is mentioned, as the cause of humanity, the name of Wilberforce will be revered. His motives were pure, and his efforts, while success was at all probable, unceasing, and most meritorious, not less creditable to his head than his heart.

In reviewing the progress of trade and manufactures, during the last century, we are almost tempted to state that England became a commercial nation in it, for if we compare the accounts of trade and manufactures before 1701, we shall find them comparatively trifling. The consequences of this are to be felt all over the nation, but more obviously, and indeed most strikingly, in raising commercial men to a degree of importance they never before enjoyed in this nation. The vast wealth acquired by many individuals has enabled them to rival persons of hereditary rank and property in all the elegant luxuries and expences of life, and although they are necessarily more exposed to vicissitudes than the other class, yet a British merchant is a character with whose family no alliance is thought dishonourable, and whose name is a letter of credit in every part of the world. The education, too, of this class of persons, is wholly different from what it was. Illiterate merchants are more rarely to be found, and even among shopkeepers, and those of inferior order, education is far from being neglected, and there is a fund of good sense, which renders them respectable assistants to government, when information on commercial branches is wanted.

One mischief, indeed, has arisen, which it will not perhaps be easy to remedy. The spirit of speculation, unquestionably ne-

cessary] in all commercial pursuits, has of late years been carried to an absurd excess, and has produced the sudden overthrow of some houses, whose credit was deemed impregnable. Now, while it is allowed that no trade can be carried on without some risk, and that all great efforts have been made with great danger, and that trade itself in all its shapes is a species of hazard, it ought ever to be observed, that there is an imprudent risk, as well as a prudent one, and that speculation in all cases ought to have some foundation. The contrary, we believe, has been lately the case in some well-known instances. But still it says much for the general credit of the nation, that when such instances happen, the effects are not felt so far and distantly, as in former days. Not more than thirty years ago, the bankruptcy of a banking-house took place; it may be in the memory of some of our readers, that it made a noise as if the whole trade of London was ruined by it. It was the theme of every tongue. It was an earthquake or a revolution. Many merchants and traders have since failed for a far greater sum, without occasioning any more clamour or consternation than might naturally be expected among their own particular connexions; such is the compactness, the union, the stability, which the fair and honest credit of the nation has given to trade in general, and it is certain that at no period were greater fortunes made. How far these circumstances bear upon the manners of the nation, is a question of difficult solution, but surely worthy of the most serious consideration. Instead of pursuing it, however, in this place, we shall advert to two events, which almost entirely belong to the eighteenth century, and are, in the opinion of some, the cause of our commercial prosperity and political consequence, while, in the view of others, they require checks and controul to prevent their being the ruin of the country; we mean the national debt and the funds.

THE RUINS OF St. OSWALD.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP. VII.

ALFRED's increasing dejection of spirits greatly alarmed the Countess: she saw her darling son consuming his youth under the influence of a hopeless passion, unless, by discovering a secret she wished to remain such, she could appeal to his reason. Yet—could she teach him to execrate the author of his being?—Impossible! The Count was still her husband—the father of her children!—But he was also the father of Ellinor!!—Afflicting thought!—but for that, all might have been well.

The conflict of her mind was not of long duration. A letter arrived, by a carrier: on the superscription she recognized the hand-writing of the Count. She eagerly tore it open—it was from himself—entreating her to fly to him: stating, that he had been dreadfully wounded by some banditti; desiring her to bring her children with her, as he had a confession to make, before his approaching dissolution, which was of material import; directing her to search the ruins for an ill-fated victim of his perfidy.

Adelaide well knew to whom he alluded, and hesitated not to fly, and cheer by her presence the bed of sickness.—At such an awful period, all animosities were buried in oblivion. Again she recurred to the letter, and, to her infinite astonishment, found it dated from the Castle de Lanville.—Involuntarily she uttered an exclamation of surprise; but, recollecting the presence of the messenger, dismissed him, with an assurance of her immediate compliance with the desire of her husband.

Every thing was got ready with all possible speed for their departure, and they soon reached the Castle, without having met with any obstruction. The Countess instantly repaired to St. Oswald's apartment, and was inexpressibly shocked to behold his once fine form reduced to a mere emaciated skeleton. He stretched his withered hand eagerly to the Countess, exclaiming—

“Ah! Adelaide, I am unworthy this kind attention!—I have behaved to you as a villain!—to others also:—but if the sincere repentance of a dying monster can atone—.”

He seemed choaked with emotion—then, raising his head, he looked impatiently round the room, but not perceiving the object of his search, he said—

“Where is she?—you have not brought her!—But 'tis well—I feel I could not have born it. Oh! forgive—and I will confess all.”

The Countess interrupted him—“Spare yourself the painful retrospection—I know all—I love your Ellinor next to your Louisa;—but her mother is dead.”

He hid himself beneath the bed-clothes, and groaned inwardly—“Oh!” said he, “that was a deep piece of infamy!—But my father did it—His ambition was my destruction, and you were, with the unfortunate Clementine, the deluded victim!—But my death will expiate all. Yet you know not the extent of my depravity! This Castle, your rightful inheritance has long been the residence of—a *Woman*, shall I call her?—No!—no!—no!—a *Fiend*!—My neglect of you was owing to this abandoned connection. But the day of retribution is arrived. Omnipotence is just; and the wretch who caused my sin was the promoter of my punishment—she robbed, and deserted. In pursuit of her I received these wounds, which are by the surgeon pronounced mortal. Your kind forgiveness has soothed my anguish. Indeed, my Adelaide, you were ever dear to me: merit like your's could never become an object of dislike; but I was

deluded by the enticements of Pleasure, and had not strength of mind sufficient to resist its baneful influence.—But, where are my much-wronged children ?”

The Countess led them to his bedside ; he extended a hand to each, and embraced them with transport. He again looked round.

“ I see,” said the Countess, “ what your delicacy would hide from me : you seek your Ellinor. Alas ! she is no longer with us.” She then related all that had passed, not omitting the unhappy attachment existing between her and Alfred, who stood in mute astonishment at the discovery she thus made.

“ Unhappy boy !” exclaimed the Count : “ the sins of the father are, indeed, visited upon the children. Oh ! my Adelaide, do not hate my memory !”

The exertions the Count had made in the last hour so totally overcame him, that he fell into repeated fainting fits, from which he only recovered to embrace wife and children, and expired.

The Countess was sensibly affected. She had formed hopes that he might yet live, and, by the future piety of his life, in great measure atone for his past transgressions ; and the repentant manner in which he died rekindled in her bosom those sparks of tenderness which she had long thought to have been extinguished.

After the funeral, she directed her whole thoughts to promote the welfare of her children, and perceived with pleasure that Alfred now, from a sense of his duty, was become more reconciled to his fate. But, notwithstanding, the image of his Ellinor unceasingly disturbed his repose, and all his efforts were ineffectual totally to eradicate it.

The Countess now resolved to continue wholly at the Castle. Scenes ever dear to her memory, recalled, as it were, the representation of her revered parents, and she wandered over every apartment with a pleasure known only to those who have, by the renewal of acquaintance with some long estranged friend, found a void filled in their mind, which no object, however pleasing, could supply. Here she hoped to live and die, and mingle her dust with that of her ancestors, which had mouldered in the earth for many centuries : the faithful Anna, too, shewed her joy ; for this spot was also endeared to her by the remembrance of many childish gambols.—

“ Here, Madam,” said she, pointing to the portal of the eastern gate, “ you used daily to receive your little pensioners, while I stood by you loaded with cakes, fruits, and toys.—Here also flocked the aged peasants, to receive from your liberal purse the allotted sum, and hobbled gladly away, imploring blessings on your head. Ah ! Madam, the prayers of the virtuous never fail. Who knows but in a little time all these good people’s wishes may be fulfilled ; and I may live to see you the happiest lady in the country !”

Adelaide smiled, but made no reply : tears of pleasure stood in her eyes, and she hasted away to conceal her emotion.

CHAP. VIII.

ALMOST insensible to the horrors of her situation, Ellinor was held upon the horse of the Chief, whose coarse and uncouth accents had thrown her into a state of stupidity. They travelled many miles at a furious rate, and, overcome with fatigue, Ellinor would have inevitably fallen by the way, had she not been too securely bound. It was to her a temporary satisfaction when they released her aching limbs from confinement, although still held by two men, who rudely dragged her, regardless of her weak state, from the horse into the entrance of a gloomy cavern. Fancying they were going to murder her, she raised a desperate outcry ; but the ruffians with force and menaces silenced her, and led her in. Her apprehensions were not much abated when she beheld, seated at a large table, upon which were spread a profusion of viands, a savage looking man, who glanced upon her with an odious grin.

"Diego," said the Chief, "you are always provident. One would think you had foreseen the addition that was about to be made to our establishment."

"No, faith, not I," replied Diego : "but, luckily, three of our comrades were upon the scout ; and happened to fall in with a caravan laden with provisions, of which you see they have not scrupled to secure a share. But who is that pretty damsel you have brought with you ? Egad ! I thought there was nothing wanting to make our cave pleasant ; but I foresee this will be no disagreeable acquisition."

"As to who she is," replied the other, "truly, I cannot say. The damsel seems to play off shy at present ; but I trust we shall not long have that to complain. Come, my girl, be seated."

Ellinor dared not disobey, but, trembling from head to foot, took her place next to the Commander, who kindly loaded her plate with the choicest morsels. They then pressed her to drink, which, to raise her sinking spirits, she complied with ; but, unused to the taste of wine, and ignorant of its effects, she was not aware of the quantity she drank till the fumes of it entirely overcame her, and she sunk upon the ground in a state of perfect inebriation.

The robbers had begun a dispute concerning whose property she was, which the situation she was then in prevented her hearing ; and, surprised at her state, they conveyed her to a bed, where they left her while they returned to decide the debate. The motion of her removal, and the air she received by it, revived her from the transient stupor into which she had fallen ; and, recollecting the situation she had been in, she felt greatly rejoiced to find herself alone, and fell upon her knees in gratitude

for having been preserved from indignity. She now heard the voices of the party loud in altercation, and presently the clashing of swords succeeded, and dismal groans convinced her that dreadful carnage was going forward. She started from her knees in terror, looking wildly round (expecting every moment the entrance of a robber) for a place of refuge: a large chest, which stood in the room, was all the means afforded her, and to her great satisfaction she found it open.

"I shil, perhaps, be safe here," said she, finding it empty.

As a last resource, she got in, and had scarcely closed the lid upon herself before two men entered, and, approaching the bed, uttered the most tremendous execrations at their prey having escaped them.

"This comes of quarrelling!" said one: "while we were disputing and foolishly shedding each other's blood, to ascertain priority, the game gave us the start."

"Pshaw!" cried the other pettishly; "cease your prattling. Our Captain has carried her off; let's pursue them:—she was mine by right, for I first discovered her; and expressly put herself under my protection. Let's leave Diego in charge; we shall soon overtake them, I'll warrant."

Thus saying, they went off. Ellinor, almost dead with fear, ventured to peep out from her hiding-place, and, finding all still continuing quiet, cautiously left her concealment.—She stole softly along, and soon discovered a light in a distant part of the cavern. She at first was irresolute; but recollecting that death or disgrace awaited her, she boldly preferred the former and ventured on. She entered that part of the cave where the robbers had held their banquet, the remains of which were now strewed profusely on the floor; where, also, weltering in blood, were the bodies of several men.—The soul of Ellinor sickened within her at the terrific sight, and her courage almost wholly deserted her; when a loud dismal voice made her about to retreat. Turning, she beheld Diego in a profound sleep, whose snoring had so much affrighted her.

A thought, prudent as sudden, struck her, and she delayed not to put it in execution. The strap with which she had been bound to the horse lay on the ground; she easily gained it, and dividing it with a knife, secured the hands of the insensible Diego, and also his feet in like manner, without in the least awaking him, so much was he intoxicated with the liquor he had drank on the preceding night. She then, with a desperate resolution, took from one of the fallen robbers his hat and cloak, which she hastily threw over her, and put upon the body, with surprising dexterity, her own robe and veil, by which manœuvre she hoped to elude pursuit; and seizing the only remaining lamp, with trembling steps explored the gloomy passages of the subterraneous abode. She fortunately found that by which she had entered. The guard was, owing to the late tumult, off his duty: and Ellinor, with rap-

ture indescribable, beheld four horses tied to a tree, one of which she mounted. She had never been on a horse before the preceding day, and was wholly ignorant of the method of guiding it. She hesitated to proceed; but fear at that moment overcoming every other consideration, she determined not to let trifling objects impede her escape, and seizing the reins, gave him the whip. The animal, perceiving the inability of its rider, soon lost all fear of correction, and, snorting, flew off with rapidity.

Ellinor for some time kept her seat steadily, but the uneasiness of her position, and the velocity with which she was carried, entirely deprived her of breath: her head grew giddy, a sudden sickness came on, and she fell almost lifeless from the back of the spirited beast, who, pleased at being released from the incumbrance, pursued his course with additional speed.

CHAP. IX.

THE Countess and her family had resided several months at the Castle. Peace was once more restored to their bosoms, and their days passed on in an uninterrupted serenity.

One night they were retiring to rest, when they were alarmed by the loud sounding of the horn at the Castle gate. Surprised at such an unusual disturbance, they demanded the cause.

"For Heaven's sake," said a voice without, "admit us!—Fear not—We are friends. My master has been dreadfully used by the banditti who infest this forest, and much I fear he will not live to reach any other shelter, if you refuse our petition."

The Countess instantly ordered the gates to be thrown open, and a young man entered, bearing in his arms a cavalier of noble mien. His hair (a dark brown) shaded a face exquisitely handsome and interesting. His figure was majestic, clad in a magnificent habit of light dove-coloured velvet, edged with silver, over which was carelessly thrown a purple satin cloak.

They laid him directly upon a bed, and Louisa ran with alacrity to procure some bandages, with which they might afford a temporary relief to their bleeding guest, who had received a pistol ball through the left arm. A servant was immediately sent for the surgeon, who resided about five miles distant; and Louisa, with her own hands, administered restoratives to the fainting stranger, whose name, the servant informed them, was Don Carlos De Leonzo. He raised his eyes, as if to thank them; but excess of pain caused them to be directly closed. Louisa felt herself very much affected, and, turning to her brother, said—

"Oh! Alfred the gentleman must die!"

"Heaven forbid! Madam," said the servant, who was supporting his head; "for he is the best master that ever man had."

"My dear Louisa," said the Countess, "I fear your loquacity will disturb Don Carlos."

Louisa became instantly silent, but her eyes involuntarily watched every change in the countenance of the stranger.

It was morning before the surgeon arrived. He visited his patient, and assured the anxious enquirers that he was in no danger; that the wound was but slight; and as is usual, prescribed quiet as the most likely restorative. He then proceeded to extract the ball; and, having administered an opiate, left the gentleman to repose.

A few days, with such excellent nursing as he received from the Countess and Louisa, greatly contributed to the restoration of Don Carlos: during which time the attention of the latter gave him evident pleasure; his medicines did not taste palatable when administered by any other hand; nor did his pillow feel comfortable, except it was placed by the gentle Louisa.

As soon as he was judged able to converse, he sat up, and apologized, with much grace, for the trouble he had occasioned.

"Doubtless, Madam," said he, addressing the Countess, "it will be satisfactory to you to know whom you have thus hospitably treated. If my spirits will permit, I will recite my history; entreating pardon of you for troubling you with an uninteresting detail.

"My father, a grandee of some consequence in Spain, when quite a youth, was one day riding through a town not many miles from Madrid, where he resided, when his attention was forcibly rivetted on an object of no common appearance: it was a most beautiful girl, habited in the simplest garb. She was a pleasing little brunette, apparently about fifteen; but what more particularly engaged the notice of Don Pedro, was her seeming in great affliction, continually wiping away the tears which trickled down her cheeks with the loose corner of a bundle that she carried in her hand.

"My father was naturally of a benevolent and compassionate disposition, but in the present instance he was affected with sensations more than pity. He accosted her; enquired her name; and tenderly desired to know her grief. 'Alas! most noble Seigneur, she replied, in Italian, 'my name is Paulina. I am a native of Milan. I was in love with Felix, and he pretended to love me; but, oh! the base man took advantage of my ignorance to undo me; and my parents have turned me from their door, hardly allowing me take what cloaths I had. I am now going to an old school-fellow of mine, who lives about two miles distant. I will tell her my story, and perhaps she will suffer me to look after her goats for a livelihood. Thus I shall live comfortably, if not happy; and I will endeavour to forget Felix—that false, perfidious man—and my unkind parents!'

"A shower of tears concluded her artless narrative, which touched my father to the heart and he paused some time. Can nothing be done for the poor girl? thought he.—'Can we not, Paulina, endeavour to make Felix marry you? How far is it from

hence to your father's? You cannot have travelled from Milan.' 'Oh, Seigneur,' she replied, 'my father now has a cottage in Seville; but I would not return to him; neither will I attempt to force the inclination of Felix: he says, that he will never marry a bad girl, though he it was that made me so: and I would rather die a thousand deaths than be his wife against his will: he would then hate me indeed; and well he might. I did, to be sure, once love him; but he has used me too ill for me ever to regard him more.'

Her sentiments, so noble, though so simply expressed, charmed my father, and, notwithstanding the disparity of their rank and fortune, he suffered Love to creep into him by imperceptible degrees, till he was no longer able to withstand its power. Her unhappy situation, too, he reflected, must contribute greatly to depreciate her character in the world; but seeing things through the medium of prejudice, he considered it as her misfortune, instead of her fault. In short instead of indulging a thought injurious to her remaining virtue, he only pondered on the means of making her his wife.—'Shall such an angel as that,' said he, 'be reduced to take charge of goats!——No!—never, while I have the power to prevent it. Paulina, you must not go to your school-fellow: she will insult you for your misfortune.—Come with me to Madrid, and I will protect you.'

"She looked at him with mistrustful reserve——'Ah! no my Lord. I wish I could. But, pardon me, Seigneur, I would not offend you: yet perhaps you might use me as Felix did.' 'No, sweet innocent!' replied Don Pedro—'not for the world would I abuse your confidence. I will behave honourably to you, and make you my wife.' 'Mercy on me!' exclaimed she: 'what! make me your wife!—a poor ruined girl like me! No—now I am sure you mean me harm.'—'What can I say,' returned my father, 'to make you confide in me?'

"Then, pausing awhile, he took out his purse, and, putting it into her hand, said—'Here, my dear girl, take this to your school-fellow; pay her for your board, and buy yourself some nice cloaths; but do not tell her of your adventure: only say, that you are going to be married to a gentleman of fortune. You may depend upon seeing me again in the course of a week.'

"Then, gallantly saluting her, he rode off, leaving Paulina transfixed with astonishment and delight. Don Pedro returned in deep thought to Madrid, and after his arrival his thoughts recurred to the imprudence he had been guilty of. 'What am I about to do?' said he, mournfully: 'to marry a girl with a ruined reputation!—one whose birth and connection will cast an odium upon myself and family; nor can the rank I mean to raise her to repair her character: on the contrary I being in a more elevated situation, she will be more the object of scandal. But, what then? she is beautiful and amiable! Shall I sacrifice my

own happiness to the opinion of a censorious world? No. I will seek my father, confess my weakness, and entreat his sanction to address Paulina."

"My father young, sanguine, and often impetuous in his pursuits: ever unused to controul, he was impatient to undertake or effect whatever he wished, without consulting prudence, or probability. This was a severe trial of his father's indulgence, who did not hesitate to give an immediate denial. Don Pedro was desperate: his impetuosity terrified his father; a violent fever was the consequence of his agitations, and for some time the life of this adored son was despaired of; and his father, fearing his death if he persisted in a longer refusal, gave a reluctant consent to his union with Paulina. An almost instant change took place in Don Pedro: his eyes brightened, and a restoring glow animated his pallid countenance. His father had too much honour to retract his word: and Don Pedro, overjoyed, determined as soon as he could sit on his horse to take with him a servant, and go to his Paulina."

The entrance of the surgeon now obliged Don Carlos to discontinue his story. He blamed him for the exertions he had made, and insisted upon his remaining silent for that evening. The Countess and the rest of the auditors were too solicitous for the convalescence of their guest to suffer him to disobey the given order, however their curiosity might be excited to hear the remainder of his history; they therefore conducted him to his chamber, where he bade them good night, after gently pressing the hand of Louisa; they then repaired each to their respective apartments.

CHAP. X.

IN the morning the family assembled round the breakfast table, when Don Carlos again resumed his narrative.

"As my father approached the cottage he perceived Paulina seated at the door in an elegant riding-dress. He started at beholding her: for, if her figure had once charmed him by the gracefulness of her make, it was still more conspicuous now habited in the most fashionable mode. She ran towards him—"Ah! Seigneur, I thought you had forgot Paulina."

"He embraced her with rapture, and observed she had been in tears, which he attributed to her fear of his falsifying his promises. He soothed her with many endearing expressions.—'Oh,' cried she, gaily, and with an arch glance, 'you must not talk so, for it is too much like what Felix used to say. But I am glad you are come; for Antonia could not believe me when I told her you meant to marry me, but laughed at me and threatened to send me back to my parents.'

"She then returned, led by Don Pedro, to take leave of her

friend, and with exultation mentioned the home provided for her. My father could scarcely help blushing for her simplicity; but he consoled himself with the thought that it proceeded from an honest and ingenuous heart. His father received Paulina with coldness, although in his heart he did not so severely condemn Don Pedro as he imagined he should have had cause to do; so much did Nature, Beauty, and Innocence, claim admiration, when unassisted by Art, which too frequently defeats its own purpose, by destroying that which it was meant to promote.

"Not to fatigue you with too circumstantial a description;—they were married, and for some time enjoyed the most perfect felicity. My father indulged his wife in every thing to excess, and soon saw his Lady enter with avidity into every scene of dissipation. So suddenly raised from an obscure situation to such an exalted rank, it is not to be wondered at if her head forgot its humility, and her mind (weakened from want of cultivation) the more readily yielded to the fascination of shew and luxury. Her husband saw the sudden change with pain.——'Unhappy girl!' said he, 'had I left her in the situation Nature formed her for, how many hours of uneasiness had been spared us all! Now, too late, I see the effects of yielding to my headstrong passion.—Such a glaring disparity of birth and fortune can never be attended with happiness.'

"Reproach followed remonstrance; and Paulina, intoxicated with vanity, engaged openly in that kind of intrigue so common in an unprincipled character. He, however, fondly hoped that, when she became a mother, she would begin to reflect seriously upon her duties. But, alas! he was most cruelly disappointed; for the temporary confinement she was obliged to submit to added fresh poignancy to her relish for the pleasures of which she had been for a time debarred. I was almost entirely neglected by her within a few weeks after my birth; but the affection of my father atoned in some measure for my mother's neglect.

"Suffer me, Ladies," said Don Carlos, with a sigh, "to draw a veil over the error of my unhappy parent. Suffice it—her imprudence was such as to overwhelm Don Pedro with shame and anguish, and made a separation necessary.—My grandfather did not long survive this; but as he had ever favoured me with the greatest share of affection, he was not unmindful of me in his will. He also, compassionating Paulina, who was again pregnant, bequeathed the sum of five hundred pounds to her child, either male or female, independent of its parents.

"For several years my father heard but aggravating accounts of the misconduct of Paulina, until a few weeks since, when he received a letter, dictated from the death-bed, as he supposed, of my unfortunate mother; petitioning for his presence and pardon: adding, that she had an affair of the utmost consequence to impart to him. Dated from an obscure cottage near Lyons.

"My father lost no time in preparing for the journey; but he

unfortunately falling sick about ten leagues from home; and not willing to let his once-loved Paulina expire without one friend to close her eyes, sent me forward; and I was hasting thither when the accident happened which has introduced me to your charming family."

The narrative ended, he received the thanks of the Countess for his confidence; and he soon imparted to her, wishes of a nature she had already suspected him to have formed. Convinced that Louisa did not behold him with indifference, she referred him wholly to her; and cheered him with the suggestion, that he would not receive a severe rejection, which Louisa blushing confirmed; and it was fixed that their union should take place as soon as the affairs of his own family would admit, provided it met with the concurrence of Don Pedro.

His health being then perfectly re-established, Don Carlos prepared to set forward on his journey: and having conceived a great friendship for Alfred, requested the Countess to permit him to accompany him. This Adelaide, who plainly perceived that the unsettled state of his mind was gradually impairing his constitution, gladly consented to; happy, by that means to amuse him, and divert his thoughts from the fatal point to which they adhered. Their parting was pathetic on all sides; and Alfred, who had never before been separated from his mother and sister, hung on them with a fondness, that made Don Carlos envy him the privilege of being so near the object of his affection. Almost inarticulate adieus were uttered on either side, and the youths pursued their way, for some time, in mournful silence. Change of scene gradually wore away their regret, and they reached the place of their destination without any material adventure.

CHAP. XI.

ELLINOR remained some time on the ground where the horse had thrown her, without power to move. Upon opening her eyes she beheld a venerable man bending over her with looks of compassion.

"Unfortunate creature!" said he in the mild accents of benevolence: "by what chance do I see you in this state? Your strange attire would make me dubious of your sex, did not your beauty lead me to believe you a female."

Ellinor now, glancing her eyes over her dress, for the first time, perceived the grotesque appearance she made with the cloak and hat of the robber over her own torn and soiled white robe.

"Ah! father," replied she, "I am, indeed, an unfortunate girl; an outcast from family and friends; marked from my earliest years a daughter of Sorrow!"

"Then doubly welcome you shall be," said the Recluse, "to what my humble state affords; to such I ever lend my feeble

aid. But try, my child——cannot you exert sufficient strength to accompany me to my cell? It is not far distant.”

Ellinor, assisted by the Hermit, rose; and, leaning on his arm, was led by him to his neat little habitation, cut in the cleft of a rock. He soon procured her a delicate repast of fruit, salads, and the milk of a tame goat, who constantly and voluptuously supplied him, of which she partook with pleasure.

Finding her strength much recruited, she related her adventures to her host, who listened to her with a mixture of pity and astonishment: and when she declared her intention of journeying to Paris, he smiled; and, shaking his head, said——

“Ah! poor child!—what is it you purpose? Alike innocent and ignorant, it will be impossible for you to travel across the country in the way you design. Your tender limbs will not support you through the fatigue of your journey. Here you shall find a safe asylum. Rest, then, a short time, and I will devise a plan for your more convenient removal.”

Ellinor thanked the good man with tears in her eyes, and put herself, without a scruple, under his direction. Conscious of the impropriety of her present appearance, as well as to divert the time that otherwise hung heavy on her hands, she set herself to work; and, fortunately having her materials about her, soon made for herself, from the gambler's cloak of the robber, a comfortable dress; her own white robe serving for a veil, under which she confined the exuberant tresses of her beautiful hair. Pleased with her contrivance, she looked down upon herself with complacence.

——“Ah!” sighed she, “could Alfred but see me now, he would surely smile!”

A tear fell upon her neck: she recalled her wandering thoughts, and, seeking her pious friend, opened to him her mind, and received from him mild admonition, and religious consolation, to comfort her wounded spirit. The Hermit soon became so much attached to his lovely companion, that he dreaded the day of separation, and fondly solicited her to give up her plan, to sooth by her kind offices his last hours.—Careless of her destiny, and uninspired by ambitious views, gratitude forbade her deserting him, and she assented without a murmur to his wish. All their wants were supplied (for they had few) by an old woman who constantly attended at the cave, and received for her reward all she demanded—the blessings and prayers of the good man.

It was the constant custom of Ellinor to ramble in the woods, where she gathered wild fruits to crown their simple meals; and often, lost in her own reflections, she wandered over the trackless waste. In one of her excursions she had so far exceeded her usual bounds as to be ignorant of her road; and, looking round her with dismay, beheld, not many paces from her, a neat cottage. The scenery all round was remarkably beautiful, and she

sat herself down upon the stump of a tree, to indulge in the pleasing sensation which the prospect inspired.

She had not sat long before the door of the cottage opened, and a Lady issued from within, leaning upon the arm of a *pay-sanne*. Her figure had an air of fashion, which the singularity of her drapery assisted to heighten. A long black veil, which depended from her head, was partly thrown back, and discovered a pale and emaciated visage, in which might be perceived some traces of former beauty. She appeared to be worn down by sickness and sorrow, and her fine eyes were cast to the ground with a look of settled despair.—Ellinor contemplated her with surprise, and, rising, would have retired; but the Lady, at that instant raising her eyes, perceived the timid Ellinor, and started with a sudden expression of terror; then, gazing at her wildly, waved her hand for her to approach. Ellinor, filled with an indescribable sensation of awe, obeyed, and bent her knee to the ground. The stranger extended her hand with a sickly smile, and with a feeble voice said—

“Bend not!—a miserable mortal like me demands no homage. But say, who art thou—whence dost thou come, to raise in my mind a troubled vision? Such as thou art I once was: but now, how changed! Oh! speak, and ease my doubts!”

Ellinor looked in the face of the stranger: it was illumined with a gleam of expectation, which was greatly changed when Ellinor replied—

“My tale, Lady, is long and sad; nay, tinged with such an air of mystery as renders it almost incredible. I am a destitute orphan; my time is now short; the Hermit of the wood has been the preserver of my life, and he now requires my attendance; yet I feel a secret impulse to acquaint you with my strange adventures, and receive from you that advice I so much need. May I hope to see you again?”

The stranger assured her of a ready welcome; adding—

“You know me not, or you would no longer torture the feelings of a victim abandoned by God and man!”

Ellinor pressed the hand she held to her bosom with tenderness, and assured her she would be with her early the following morning. She then rushed into the wood, and, with some difficulty, found the trodden path that led to the hermitage, where the good old man sat impatiently waiting her return. She related to him her adventure. He congratulated her upon her prospect of success; and advised her by all means to cultivate the acquaintance of the strange Lady: cautioning her at the same time not to place a too hasty confidence, until she was fully convinced of the integrity of her whom she was about to trust. Ellinor promised implicitly to follow his advice, and with a heart lighter than usual retired to rest.

As soon as Ellinor rose, she hurried on her clothes, and hastened through the wood, in hopes of obtaining an interview with the

stranger whose first appearance had so much interested her. Expectation lent speed to her feet, and she arrived at the door of the cottage in a few minutes after she quitted the hermitage. She expected the Lady would have been out ready to meet her, and was much disappointed to find no one stirring. All seemed in solemn silence. She tapped gently, and wished admittance with a palpitating heart. The young *paysenne* appeared, and motioning for stillness, whispered—

“I am glad you are come : my Lady has been wishing for you ever since. She is much worse to-day ; and I fear she will not live long.”

“Wishing for me !” exclaimed Ellinor : “is it possible !—Oh, lead me to her !”

The girl drew back the curtain of a small bed, where lay the stranger struggling with the pangs of death. She stretched out her hand to Ellinor—

“Sweet girl !” said she, “you are charitable : I feared you had forgot your promise. Sure, Heaven, as a token of its forgiveness, sent you hither at this critical moment, when I expected to die in this wretched solitude, without having one to whom I could reveal a secret that lies heavy at my heart. Yet, alas ! I fear the confidence I am about to place in you will lose me your favour and friendship, from which I promised myself a gleam of comfort during the few remaining hours of my miserable existence.”

“Impossible !” cried Ellinor, pressing her hand. “I feel, that, whatever your faults may have been, I must overlook them. This is not a time to drive, by unjustifiable scorn, the repentant sinner to despair !”

“Enough,” said the Lady, taking a small packet from under her pillow, which contained several letters : “promise me that you will, after my death, find some method of conveying these letters, each to the person to whom they are respectively directed.”

Ellinor cast her eyes upon the superscription of one : it was addressed to the Count St. Oswald. A deadly paleness overspread her face, and her lips tremblingly pronounced—“My father !”

“What !” said the stranger, raising herself up, with horror and surprise pictured in her countenance :—“said you—your father ! Tell me—oh ! tell me—who was your mother—and how old are you ?”

“My mother,” replied Ellinor with tears, “was the unhappy Lady Clementina Valmond ; for some time supposed wife to the Chevalier Dufour : the old Count was then living.—I am just twenty.”

The stranger would scarcely give her time to conclude before she threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming—

“Ah ! no—I am thy mother !”

Ellinor fainted in her arms. With some difficulty she was recovered; but the Lady seemed so much agitated, that it was judged prudent to refrain from any further conversation; and Ellinor, after imploring and receiving the benediction of her mother, retired to the Hermit, and astonished him with the discovery she had made.

On the following morning she returned at an early hour to the cottage, and as she approached was surprised to see a servant at the door holding a spare horse by the bridle. As she drew nearer, she heard voices in earnest conversation within. She entered, and beheld lying on the bed a young man of elegant appearance. The Lady, instantly perceiving her, said—

“Approach, my child——Ellinor, behold thy brother!”

She started, and surveyed the Gentleman with fear; but it was not Alfred! Her heart sickened, and she knelt beside her mother to conceal her distress. The Lady continued—

“Heaven is just!——I am not permitted personally to receive the forgiveness of that injured man! But, oh! my son, tell him, that with my expiring breath I petitioned only for his pardon!”

Don Carlos (for it was the unhappy Paulina who lay in the pangs of death) could no longer restrain his tears, but, kneeling beside Ellinor, said—

“Grieve not, my dear mother; be assured you have it:—and if the prayers of your children can avail, you shall be happy.”

“Cease to afflict me, thus! I am undeserving of your love,” said Paulina. “However, it will not be long. A letter, which is in the possession of Ellinor, will explain all, and spare me a recital that would harrow up my soul. You are at liberty to read it, and shew it to Don Pedro. Present to him, also, his lovely, much-injured daughter, Ellinor!”

Paulina struggled some hours in strong convulsions, and at length expired in the arms of Ellinor, who was deeply affected with the tragical scene. It was then agreed that Ellinor should wait with the corpse of her mother till Don Carlos could make the necessary preparations for her interment, when his sister should return with him to be presented to Don Pedro.

Ellinor, not wishing to appear ungrateful to the pious Hermit, informed her brother of her intention of returning to thank him for his past kindness, which was immediately agreed upon; and she repaired to the hermitage of her old friend, who both condoleed with and congratulated her upon the late event.

“My child,” said the hermit, “you see, in the late disposal of affairs, the justice of Omnipotence! For virtuous perseverance you are rewarded by the probable attainment of all your wishes. But, for the future, let prudence, as well as rectitude of intention, be the guide of your actions; nor rush blindly into dangers, which by resolution or strength of mind, you might avoid. All this might have been brought about without your precipitating yourself into the troubles and inconveniences you have done.

When by patience under affliction, you might have more truly evinced your pious resignation to the will of the Supreme. Do not weep, daughter. I mean not to reprove. I am satisfied with the piety of your heart, but wish to teach you more steadiness of mind; for uprightness of mind is not alone sufficient to ward off the ills of life. Farewell, my child. May you be happy."

Ellinor bathed the old man's feet with her tears; and, after promising to attend faithfully to all his injunctions, retired to the cottage, to watch the corpse of her mother.

CHAP. XII.

THE remains of Paulina were interred in a neat and plain manner, at a town about ten miles from the cottage, whither they were attended by Don Carlos and Ellinor only, who soon accompanied him to Lyons, where her brother informed her a friend of his waited his return, who would travel with them.

They arrived safely at the inn, and were ushered into the parlour, where sat Alfred. His sable dress at first prevented Ellinor from recollecting his features, till he, gazing eagerly upon her, sprung from his seat, and inclosed her with his arms. His voice sunk to her heart, and she tremulously cried—

"My Alfred!"

He seemed to recollect himself, and, with not less agitation, said—(at the same time relinquishing his hold)—

"My Sister!"

She shuddered. Don Carlos interposed, saying

"No longer your's, my friend but mine!"

Alfred was eager for an explanation that seemed to promise him much happiness. But Don Carlos assured him it was a mystery which they could not yet develope, and he reserved the perusal of the letter entrusted by Paulina to Ellinor till his interview with his father. This was a delay the ardent Alfred could ill brook, who now prevailed upon Ellinor to give an account of all that had befallen her since her departure from the Castle De Laneville. This she did; at the same time relating to Don Carlos her whole history; who, in his turn, informed her of the particulars already related: concluding by declaring it his sincere wish that their parents might consent to the union of Ellinor with Alfred, which wish her blushes evinced she fervently joined in.

All being thus, in their own minds, finally adjusted, the happy party repaired, buoyed up with the most pleasing expectation, to the Castle, where Don Carlos waited only to introduce his newly discovered sister, and catch a glance of his Louisa; then hastened forward to Don Pedro with the account of the catastrophe, intending to carry him back with him, to complete their mutual happiness.

The astonishment of the Countess could only be equalled by

her gladness at the unexpected restoration of the long lost, long lamented fugitive. She embraced her with the fondest marks of affection, and hesitated not a moment to assure Alfred of her ready acquiescence with his wishes; and she only waited the arrival of Don Pedro to ratify her promise.—Ellinor now flung herself on the neck of Louisa, and sobbed out her affectionate thanks.

In a very few days their expectations were fulfilled. They heard the carriage which contained their guests approach, and they flew to meet them at the gates, all but the timid Ellinor, who, finding herself inadequate to the task, flung herself upon the sofa, no longer able to support the conflict of her mind. The door opened, and a gentleman of dignified appearance entered. In his features were traced the deep furrows of sorrow; yet a mild benignity beamed from his eyes as he cast them upon Ellinor, who now was on her knees at his feet.

“Come to my arms, sweet image of my lost Paulina!” exclaimed he, snatching her from the floor, and pressing her to his bosom with rapture. “Fear not!—You are the pledge of love between us!”

The scene was too deeply affecting for the gentle spirits of Ellinor, and she suffered Louisa to lead her from the room.—Don Pedro then gave into the hands of the Countess the letter which his son had brought to him, saying—

“That, Madam, will reveal the present unknown part of this mysterious eclaireissement. I request you to read it to your young friends. You will then find there has been a fatal misunderstanding through all this affair. Ellinor is, indeed, my daughter; but, under the existing circumstances, I never can consent to their being united in any closer ties.”

“By what title can I now address you, most injured of men! Can the guilty Paulina dare presume to call upon that husband whose name she has branded with dishonour? Ah! no! Although your generous pity made you refrain lawfully from alienating my claim, I have long since forbore to consider myself as your wife. On my death-bed—the bed of sickness and repentance, too—I dictate these lines, to mitigate your wrath and offended honour, by a full confession of my crimes. Shame and misery have been my portion since I (viper like) stung the hand that raised me from obscurity. On your side, a passion too hastily formed to admit reflection, and ambition on mine, brought us together; but my morals had been already vitiated, and, except in the gratification of my darling passions—vanity and show—I (ungrateful as I was) felt myself bound by no other ties than what my own interest made me profess.

“Among my numerous admirers was the Chevalier Dufour. You have seen him, and know his personal attractions to be great. I was, in my turn, deceived by his specious manners, and

listened too readily to professions that I ought to have shuddered at. Remonstrances from you, however gentle, excited my indignation, and in my own mind I formed the design of an infamous revenge. You discovered the intrigue, and our separation was the consequence. The Chevalier received me with open arms. I lived with him at Paris some time in a state of splendour, which suited the licentious turn of my disposition. I quickly perceived his passion cool. Jealousy has quick eyes : and I instantly conceived that some new attachment was the cause. I made it my business to enquire, and found too soon, to my sorrow, that he was just married to the daughter of the Duke De O—— : the most lovely beauty in the whole French Court. I flew at him with all the rage of an insulted woman, upbraided him with his perfidy and deceit, and accused him as the sole cause of my injustice to you. He heard me out with the most provoking calmness, and, when I had exhausted all my stock of virulence, coolly replied—

‘And, so, Madam, you had the vanity to imagine that I could never be tired of your charms ! You accuse me of leading you from your duty :—ridiculous charge ! Think you, Madam, a man would ever be mad enough to attempt the honour of a woman who her husband treats with respect and kindness, unless he receives that sort of encouragement which he cannot misunderstand ? No—no ! Believe me, a virtuous married woman can, by her own conduct, awe the most abandoned libertine into veneration.’

“Truth is persuasive, though proceeding from the lips of a villain ; and, having nothing more to urge, I sunk on my knees, and entreated him not wholly to abandon me ; appealing by my tears so forcibly to his pity, that he could not withstand them, but, raising me, promised that, while I chose to preserve terms, he would not desert me. I appeared satisfied, but in my heart meditated vengeance on my unknown but detested rival. An opportunity soon offered, and I suggested a plan, which, I think, could never have entered the head of any but the most abandoned wretch.

“I lay in about a fortnight before Madame Dufour, when I heard that she was brought to bed of a son. Dufour was then absent, and it instantly occurred to me, that, by substituting my infant, which was a girl, I should entirely defeat the hopes that I knew the Chevalier had formed, and secure his affection more permanently to myself. The scheme succeeded, Madame Dufour being too ill to know the deception ; and Julia, my maid, bribed the nurse to complete our plan. The Chevalier was enraged : he flew to me, informing me of his disappointment. I affected to condole with him, and shewed him the boy, which he caressed with every mark of fondness ; acquainting me with a secret, which till then I was ignorant of ; which was, that he had to obtain the fortune of Clementina, imposed upon her by a pre-

tended marriage ; that, had she brought him a son, he designed to have made her really his wife ; but, since he had been deceived in his expectation, he would confine her for life, and devote himself entirely to me.

"The child I had thus treacherously purloined was very sickly, and, to my great satisfaction, expired in a few days.—I then, in compliance with the wishes of the Chevalier, went to reside in a Castle of his near Switzerland. I heard there a vague report that he was again married ; but his assurance to the contrary pacified me.

"In short, not to be too prolix, I began to discover that he seemed rather weary of me ; and, determining not to let him first discard me, I eloped with a young Swiss, who justly served me for my perfidy,—by deceiving me, and robbing me of all my valuable jewels and trinkets. Destitute of all means of support, all my beauty impaired, I began to perceive that the punishment of my miserable conduct was at hand, and I determined to seek my parents, whom you had established in a pleasant cottage near Lyons. I endured during my journey, which I was obliged to perform on foot, the greatest hardships, being often in want of a meal. I at length reached home just in time to close the eyes of my mother, who had been a widow some years. In her last moments she gave me a lecture on my vicious course of life, never to be erased from my memory.

"I found my constitution greatly impaired ; and my conscience, gnawing like a vulture in my breast, reduced me almost to the brink of the grave. I find no peace neither night nor day ; and as my repentance is sincere, so is my desire for the moment of dissolution, which I feel is hourly approaching. Your forgiveness alone can give peace to my soul ; and, although I am well convinced that I am the most undeserving being in existence, I have hopes of your well-known clemency !

"Oh ! would the daughters of Vanity but reflect upon the dreadful punishment attending guilt, they would beware !—That one false step leads to perdition, is a fact fully proved in the fate of

"PAULINA."

"I see," said the Countess, when she had perused the narrative (upon which, out of delicacy to Don Pedro, she forbore to make any comment)—"I see we must arm the minds of the unfortunate lovers against this stroke."

She then sought Elinor, and gave her the manuscript to read ; at the same time acquainting her with what had passed between herself and Don Pedro. Elinor at first seemed greatly shocked ; then, recovering herself, said—

"This is no more than what my poor foreboding heart had whispered. I never encouraged the hope of being Alfred's. Oh ! Madam, my heart bleeds for him ! I know what will his sufferings

by my own. But I am resolved upon a line of conduct which no worldly fears shall make me forego. I will endeavour, by my future life, to atone for the errors of my unhappy mother. With your permission, I will retire to a Convent: I am capable of making the sacrifice; and could I but know that Alfred bears the destruction of all his hopes with fortitude, I should be resigned. But he must not know of my destination till it shall be too late to prevent it."

The Countess applauded her resolution, while her own bosom was torn with anguish that she was obliged to conceal, and she prevailed upon Ellinor to defer putting her plan into execution till after the marriage of Louisa with Don Carlos; which Ellinor, notwithstanding it gave her a secret pang, consented to willingly; if possible,—not to cloud the moment of their happiness with her own sad destiny.

The ceremony was performed with much magnificence; after which Alfred was acquainted, in opposition to Ellinor's intention with the sentence that had been passed against him. The shock was too great for his exquisite feelings, and he sunk at the feet of his mother (who had vainly endeavoured to fortify his mind) in strong convulsions, from which he only recovered to evince the total deprivation of his mental faculties.

Ellinor felt more than can be imagined at this melancholy catastrophe, and fondly hung on the beloved maniac, with the faint hope of recalling his reason. He knew not the object once so dear to him, and incessantly wounded himself in repeating her name.

Ellinor, incapable of being a constant witness of his wretched state, and the deep affliction of his mother, hastened her departure, and obtained admittance into the Convent of Arsuliz, where, aided by the precepts of religion and her own pious sentiments, she overcame a passion, the indulgence of which must, in a mind of sensibility, appear highly criminal.

The Countess, worn down by age and affliction, seemed rapidly approaching the verge of the grave. Her spirits had received such a shock in beholding the unhappy state of Alfred, as not to be recovered; and she died, about two years after the marriage of Louisa with Don Pedro; who, but for the misfortunes of a relative so dear, would have enjoyed the most perfect felicity.

Alfred's melancholy continued to rage with unbounded violence for several years; but it at length changed to a kind of settled melancholy. His friends observed the turn his disorder had taken, and thought it would lead to his perfect restoration. Agreeable to the advice of the faculty, he was conveyed into a warmer climate; but as his reason returned the source of his misfortunes crowded to his recollection, and he insisted upon being restored to Switzerland, that he might, in death, be near the object of his love. Finding that it aggravated his disorder to oppose his wishes, they returned with him to the Castle De Laneyville.

Louisa then paid her friend a visit at the Convent, and was shocked to perceive the alteration her person had undergone during the short period of her absence.

Ellinor enquired for Alfred with affected composure; but the workings of her mind were evident in her countenance.—Louisa asked if she was happy. Ellinor sighed, and said—

“I endeavour to think myself so; but in spite of these endeavours, worldly affection will yet cling to my heart, and disturb my peace. I feel I shall not long endure this conflict. To you I will unbosom every secret of my soul. I think if I could once more behold Alfred, I should die in peace. My dreams of late have been strangely awful: and the gloom of this place inclines me to be superstitious. I would not willingly prophane the holy walls; but, I think, could you once more gratify me, by granting my petition, it would not be a very heinous crime.”

Louisa, willing, all in her power, to indulge the unfortunate victim, promised to bring Alfred to her on the ensuing day; and now she quitted Ellinor, to prepare him for a meeting, which she was aware would be a pathetic one.

The orders of the Convent were far from strict, and Don Pedro, with little difficulty, obtained permission of the Abbess; and Alfred was led by Louisa to the grate. Presently Ellinor appeared. Her deportment was grave and solemn, but her eyes shewed that she had been weeping. She put her hand through, which Alfred, too much affected to speak, pressed to his burning lips. At length, breaking a painful silence, he said—

“Ellinor!—do you mean this as a last farewell?—Are you, then, determined to be my destroyer?—Are there no hopes of an end to my miseries—and must death alone terminate them!”

“Dearest Alfred!” replied Ellinor, “compose yourself.—I wished to see you, merely to persuade you against the encouragement of a propensity, as fatal in its effects as criminal in the pursuit. We must never meet again. But, oh! in pity to my sufferings, which, believe me, have been great, attend to my last request:—Be careful of your life, in gratitude to the kindness of friends so dear to you. Let not their days be clouded with the constant pain of seeing you brood over your hopeless sorrows. Think of me as dead: such, truly, I am to the world: and such I feel I soon shall be in the strictest sense of the word.”

Alfred groaned—“Dear, ever-loved Ellinor! strive not to teach me a lesson which I can never practise. No! while life shall animate this goaded breast, your image shall ever be its darling inhabitant. But say, will you not grant my petition?—I will implicitly obey you, in one respect,—in striving to give ease to my kind friends for the short period I have to remain an inhabitant of this world. But, oh! when I am changed into a cold lump of clay, may I not hope to be laid by the side of my Ellinor!”

"Ah! do not—do not," cried she, in an agony of tears "so much distress me! You know not the excess of those feelings which it is my duty to repay."

At that moment the vesper bell rang, and she was obliged to leave the grate.

"Farewell, Alfred!" said she, waving her hand. "May Heaven bless you!"

Her voice failed, and she sunk in the arms of a Sister Nun, who bore her off. Louisa exerted all her strength to no purpose, in order to draw Alfred from the grate. He struck his head against the bars, exclaiming—

"Wretches!—wretches!—they have torn my love from me! They said she was my sister! But 'tis false—'tis an infernal falsehood!—Look—look—they have cut off her beauteous tresses! Was that well done—Does that become my Ellinor! But, no!—it will not do: nor life nor death shall separate us—one grave shall hold our mouldering clay!—Louisa, do you love me? I feel you do; then mind me:—here let me lie—here will I die with Ellinor—hard-hearted, cruel Ellinor!"

He cast himself upon the stones; and Louisa, terrified, screamed for assistance. One of the officials attended, and with his aid they carried him in a state of perfect insensibility, to the gate, where Don Carlos waited with the carriage, in which they conveyed him home. He was put to bed, and continued in dreadful shivering fits the whole day. Louisa sat up with him all night. He seemed to have fallen into a refreshing dose; but he suddenly started, and, affecting to listen, said—

"Hark!—'tis she!—now—now she calls!"

Louisa did listen: and heard distinctly the distant bell of the Convent toll. Alfred stared wildly round—

"Sister—mother—all, all—I leave for Ellinor!" he exclaimed.

Louisa, terrified, called to Don Carlos, who slept in the adjoining room. He entered, and instantly perceived that Alfred was about taking his last gasp. He took his hand—it was bedewed with the cold damp of death. Once more he unclosed his eyes: they were fixed, but deprived of that alarming wildness which they had before exhibited. His lips quivered, and with much difficulty he said—

"Mourn not—I am at peace!—But promise—
——to lay me——by my Ellinor!"

Each pressed his hand as a solemn assurance; and, once more heaving a convulsive sigh, he expired.

Upon enquiry, it was found, that, at the same hour, on the same night, Ellinor breathed her last. Shocked at such a singular event, the mourning friends determined not to lay far asunder the bodies of those, whose hearts were, even in death, so firmly united: they were, therefore, laid by the side of each other in the burial ground of the Convent, and a stone erected to their

memory by the disconsolate Louisa, who lost in one luckless hour,
a brother and a friend! — On the stone was engraven —

Sacred to the Memory of
ALFRED, COUNT ST. OSWALD,

Ob. June 27, —16, —Æt. 20 :

And

ELLINOR DE LEONZO,

Æt. 22,

Who expired at the same hour.

As in life their hearts were united,

So, in death, their bodies shall not be parted.

[*End of the Ruins of St. Oswald.*]

OBITUARY.

DIED.—At Fairfield, Mr. Jonathan Sturges, junr.— At Woodstock, Mrs. Morse, grandmother of the Rev. Dr. Morse of Charleston, aged 99.—At East Haddam, Mrs. Hannah Ackley, aged 80.—At this place Amos Hubbell, Esq.—Warden of the Borough, aged, 56. He was one of the oldest inhabitants in the Borough—had been many years in trade; and has done much towards the establishment of the settlement.

Fund
Gift, Simeon Baldwin

Collation

no.1, engr. t-p, pp.[i]-iv, [5]-64;
no.2, front, pp.[65]-128;
no.3, front, pp.[129]-192;
no.4, front, pp.[193]-258;
no.5, front, pp.[259]-322;
no.6, front, pp.[317]-370, 351-349
358, 347, 354, 329, 336. Index to
v.1 between pp.[318] and [319]

Author The Connecticut magazine
v.1, no.1-6, Jan-June 1801.

Call no. Z24.25
1
cop.2